THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BABYHOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Oh, baby, with your marvellous eyes,
Clear as the yet unfallen dew,
Methinks you are the only wise—
No change can touch you with surprise—
Nothing is strange or new to you.

You did not weep, when faint and weak
Grew Love's dear hand within your hold,
And when I pressed your living cheek
Close down to lips which could not speak,
You did not start to find them cold.

You think it morning when you wake—
That night comes when your eyelids fall—
That the winds blow, and blossoms shake,
And the sun shines for your small sake—
And, queen-like, you accept it all.

Oh, you are wise! you comprehend
What my slow sense may not divine,—
The sparrow is your fearless friend,
And even these pine-tassels bend
More fondly to your cheek than mine.

When in the summer woods we walk,
All shy, sweet things commune with you—
You understand the robin's talk—
And when a flower bends its stalk,
You answer it with nod and coo.

Sometimes, with playful prank and wile,
As seeing what I cannot see,
You look into the air, and smile,
And murmur softly all the while
To one who speaks no word to me.

Is it because your sacred youth
Is free from touch of time or toil?
I cannot tell—perhaps in sooth,
Clean hands may grasp the fair white truth
Withheld from mine through fear of soil.

I guard you with a needless care,
Oh, child, so sinlessly secure—
I see that even now you wear
A dawning glory in your hair—
And fittingly—for you are pure.

Pure to the heart's unsullied core,
As, conscious of its spotless trust,
The lily's temple is, before
The bee profanes its marble floor,
Leaving a track of golden dust.

Oh, shield me with your light caress,
Dear heart, so stainless and so new!
Unconscious of your loveliness,
Your beauty fresh and shadowless,
As is a violet of its blue.

Perhaps through death our souls may gain
Your perfect peace, your holy zeal—
Life has not vexed us all in vain,
If, after all this woe and pain,
We may be blessed babes again,
Cradled on Love's immortal breast!

☞ Scene—An Irishman engaged in carrying slate to the top of a four story building.

"Pat, have you any houses in Ireland as tall as this one?"

"Ya'as, McMither's cabin."

"How many rooms had it?"

"There was the ate ing room, the slaping room, the kitchen room and the pig pen—foor rooms."

"That's a story."

"Ya'as, four stories."

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Mystery," "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

A TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH.

Austin Clay beckoned out Peter Quale. He, Austin, had not gone to the meeting to interrupt it, or to take part in it: but, hearing from Mrs. Quale that Peter was at the "Bricklayers' Arms"—a rare occurrence, for Peter was not one who favored public houses—he had gone thither in search of him, and so found himself in the midst of the meeting. His business with Peter related to certain orders he required to give for the early morning.

"What are those men about to rush into, Quale?" he demanded, when his own matter was over.

"Ah, what, indeed!" returned the man.—"If they do get led into a strike they'll repent it, some of them."

"You are not one of the malcontents, then?"

"I!" retorted Peter, utter scorn in his tone. "No, sir. There's a proverb which I learnt years ago from a old book as was lent me, and I've not forgotten it, sir—'Let well alone.' But you must not think all the men you saw sitting there be discontented agitators, Mr. Clay. It's only Shuck and a few of that stamp. The rest be as steady and cautious as I am."

"If they don't get led away," was the reply of Austin Clay, and his voice betrayed a dubious tone. "Slippery Sam, in spite of his loose qualifications, is a ringleader more persuasive than true."

Austin was not wrong. Rid of Peter Quale, who was a worse enemy of Sam's schemes than even old White, Sam had it nearly his own way. He poured his eloquent words into the men's ears: and Sam really did possess eloquence—of a rough and rude sort—but that tells well with the class around him; he brought forth argument upon argument, fallacious as they were plausible; he told the men it depended upon *them* whether the boon they were standing out for should be accorded them, not upon the masters.—Not that Sam called it a boon; he spoke of it as a *right.* Let them only be firm and true to themselves, and the masters must give in; there was no help for it, they would have no other resource. Sam finally concluded by demanding, with fierce looks all round, whether they were men, or whether they were slaves, and the men answered, with a cheer and a shout, that Britons never should be slaves; and the meeting broke up in excitement and glorious spirits, and went home reeling, some with the anticipation of the fine time that was dawning for them, others with having consumed a little too much half-and-half.

Slippery Sam reeled away to his home. A dozen or so attended him, listening to his oratory, which was continued still: though not exactly to the gratification of Daffodil's Delight, who were hushing their unruly babies to sleep, or striving to get to sleep themselves. Much, Sam cared, who he disturbed! he went along, flinging his arms and his words at random—inflammatory words, carrying poisoned shafts that told. If somebody came down upon you and upon me, telling us that, with a little exertion on our part, we should inevitably drop into a thousand a year, and showing plausible cause for the same, should we turn a deaf ear? The men shook hands individually with slippery Sam, and left him propped against his own door; for Sam, with all deference be it spoken, was a little overcome himself—with the talking, of course.

Sam's better half greeted him with a shrill tongue: she and Mrs. Dunn might be paired in that respect: and Sam's children, some in the bed in the corner, some sitting up, greeted him with a shrill cry also, clamoring for a very common-place article, indeed—"some *bread!*"

Sam's family seemed to increase out of spite; for the less there appeared to be to welcome them with, the surer and faster they arrived. Thirteen, Sam could number now; but several of the elder ones were out in the world "doing for themselves"—getting on, or starving, as it might happen.

"You old sot! you have been at that drinking-can again," were Mrs. Sam's words of salutation; and I wish I could soften them down to refinement for polite ears; but if you are to have the truth, you must take them as they were spoken.

"Drinking-can!" echoed Sam, who was in too high glee to lose his temper, "never mind the drinking-can, missis: my fortian's made. I drawed together that meeting, as I telled ye I should," he added, discarding his scholarly eloquence for the familiar home phraseology, "and they come to it, every man jack on 'em, save thin skinned Baxendale, up stairs. Never was such a full meeting knowed in Daffodil's Delight."

"Who cares for the meeting!" irascibly responded Mrs. Sam. "What we wants, is some'at to fill our insides with. Don't come bothering home here about a meeting, when the children be a starving. If you'd work more and talk less, it 'ud become ye better."

"I got the ear of the meeting," said Sam, braving the reproof with a provoking wink. "A despicable set our men is at Hunter's, a humdrumming on like slaves for ever, taking their paltry wages and making no stir. But I've put the brand among 'em at last, and sent 'em home all on fire, to dream of short work and good pay. Quale, he come, and put in his spoke again' it; and that wretched old skeleton of a White, what's been cheating the grave this ten year, he come, and put in his; and Mr. Austin Clay, he must thrust his nose among us, and talk treason to the men; but I think I have circumvented the lot. If I haven't, my name's not Sam Shuck."

"If you, and your circumventions, and your tongue, was all at the bottom of the Thames, 'twouldn't be no loss, for all the good they does above it," sobbed Mrs. Shuck, whose anger generally ended in tears. "Here's me and the children a clamming for want o' bread, and you can waste your time over a idle, good-for-nothing meeting. Ain't you ashamed, not to work as other men do?"

"Bread!" loftily returned Sam, with the air of a king, "'tisn't bread I shall soon be furnishing for you and the children: it's mutton chops. My fortian's made, I say."

"Yah!" retorted Mrs. Sam. "It have been made forty times in the last ten year, to listen to you. What good has ever come of the boast? I'd shut up my mouth if I couldn't talk sense."

Sam nodded his head oracularly, and entered upon an explanation. But for the fact of his being a little "overcome"—whatever may have been its cause—he would have been more guarded. "I've had overtures," he said, bending forward his head and lowering his voice, "and them overtures, which I accepted, will be the making of you and me. Work?" he exclaimed, throwing his arms gracefully from him with a repelling gesture, "I've done with work now; I'm superior to it; I'm exalted far above that lowering sort of toil. The leaders among the London Trade Union have recognized eloquence, ma'am, let me tell you; and they've made me one of their picked body—appointed me agitator to the firm of Hunter. 'You get the meeting together, and prime 'em with the best of your eloquence, and excite 'em to recognize and agitate for their own rights, and you shall have your appointment, and a good round weekly salary.' Well, Mrs. S., I did it; I got the men together, and I knew primed 'em, and some of 'em's a busting to go off; and all I've got to do from henceforth is to keep 'em up to the mark, by means of that tongue which you are so fond of disparaging, and to live like a gentleman. There's a trifling instalment of the first week's money."

Sam threw a sovereign on the table. Mrs. Shuck, with a grunt of disparagement still, darted forward to seize upon it through her tears. The children, uttering a wild shriek of wonder, delight and belief, born of incipient famine, darted forward to seize it, too. Sam burst into an agony of laughter, threw himself back to indulge it, and, not being just then over steady on his pins, lost his equilibrium, and toppled over the fender into the ashes.

Leaving Mrs. Shuck to pick him up, or to leave him there—which latter negative course was the one she would probably take—let us return to Austin Clay.

When he quitted the meeting early in the evening with Peter Quale, the two proceeded home together. Mrs. Quale came running out of her house as they were about to enter it.

"I was coming in search of you, sir," she said to Austin Clay. "This has just been brought, and the man made me sign my name to a paper."

Austin took what she held out to him—a telegraphic despatch. He opened it; read it; then, in the prompt, decisive manner usual with him, requested Mrs. Quale to put up a change of things in his portmanteau, which he would return for, and walked away with a rapid step.

"Whatever news is it that he has had?" cried Mrs. Quale, as she stood with her husband looking after him. "Where can he have been summoned to?"

"Tain't no business of ours," retorted Peter; "if it had been, he'd have enlightened us. Did you ever hear of that offer that's always pending? Five hundred a year to anybody as'll undertake to mind his own business, and leave other folks' alone."

In the soft twilight of the summer evening, in the room of their house that opened to the conservatory, sat Florence Hunter—no longer the impulsive, charming and somewhat troublesome child, but the young and lovely woman. Of middle height, and graceful form, her face was one of great sweetness; the earnest, truthful spirit, the pure innocence, which had made its charm in youth, made it now: to look on Florence Hunter was to love her.

She appeared to be in deep thought, her cheek resting on her hand, and her eyes fixed on vacancy. Some movement in the house aroused her, and she arose, shook her head, as if she would shake care away, and bent over a rare plant in the room's large opening, lightly touching the leaves.

"I fear that mamma is right, and I am wrong, pretty plant!" she murmured. "I fear that you will die. Is it that this London, with its heavy atmosphere—"

The knock of a visitor at the hall door resounded through the house. Did Florence *know* the knock, that her voice should falter, and the soft pink in her cheeks should deepen to a glowing crimson? The room door opened, and a servant announced Mr. Clay.

In that early railway journey when they first met, Florence had taken a predilection for Austin Clay. "I like him so much!" had been her gratuitous announcement to her uncle Henry. The liking had ripened into an attachment, firm and lasting—a child's attachment, but Florence grew into a woman, and it could not remain such.

It has been said that, in nine cases out of ten, love springs of social companionship. Let an attractive man and woman, heart whole, be thrown much together, and the almost inevitable result is—love. Whether it be suitable or unsuitable, it will come, bringing, too often, grief and perplexity in its train. "How very imprudent!" people exclaim, when some inexpedient affair of the sort, terribly inexpedient in the eyes of parents and guardians, is brought to light; "why did they fall in love with each other?" Why, indeed! we may echo, and no excuse whatever can be urged in mitigation of the dilemma, save that they fell into it imperceptibly, unconsciously; that, before they were awake to the danger, the power to avoid it was over. An esteemed friend, stopping temporarily in a seaport town, walked off the pier one evening, and dropped into the black mud of the harbor: no light fall. The pier had an unprotected angle (which had no business to be unprotected), and he, deceived by the dusk, and unacquainted with the place, actually walked right off it, and went plump in. "How ever could you do such a stupid thing?" everybody said to him afterwards. "Do!" returned he; "do you suppose I did it for the purpose? Before I knew anything of the danger, I was in the mud."

Why did Austin Clay learn to love Florence Hunter?—why did she learn to love him? Neither could have told. Certainly not in obedience to premeditated *will:* love generally comes in opposition to that.—Thrown much together, the passion had mutually arisen; they fell into it unconsciously, in spite of themselves, like our friend did into the mud. Was it quite prudent of Mr. Hunter to sanction, nay, to court the frequent presence at his house of Austin Clay? Did he overlook the obvious fact, that he was one who possessed attractions, both of mind and person, which might render him dangerous to the peace of woman, and that Florence was now a woman grown? Or did Mr. Hunter deem that the social barrier which, he might assume, there existed between his daughter and his dependent, would effectually prevent all approach to danger? Mr. Hunter must account, himself, for the negligence: no one else can do it. It was certain that he did have Austin very much to his house, but it was equally certain that he never cast a thought to the possibility that his daughter might be learning to love him.

The strange secret, whatever it may have been, attaching to Mr. Hunter, had shattered his health to that extent that, for days together, he would be unequal to go abroad to attend to business. Then Austin, who acted as principal in the absence of Mr. Hunter, would arrive at the house, when the day was over, to report progress, and take orders for the next day; or, rather, consult with him what the orders should be, for in energy, in capability, Austin was now the master spirit, and Mr. Hunter bent to it. That over, he passed the rest of the evening in the society of Florence, conversing with her freely, confidentially; literature, art, the news of the day; on topics of home interest,—listening to her music, listening to her low voice, as she sang her songs, guiding her pencil. There they were; he, with his eloquent intellect, his fascinating powers, his noble form; she, with her sweet attractions, her gentle loveliness. What could be the result? But, as is almost invariably the case, the last person to give a suspicion to it was he who positively looked on, and might have seen all—Mr. Hunter. Life, in the presence of the other, had become sweet to each as a summer's dream—a dream that had stolen over them ere their conscience awoke to it.

Very conscious of it were they as he entered this evening. Austin took her hand in greeting: a hand always tremulous now in his. She bent again over the plant she was tending, her eyelids and her damask cheeks drooping.

"You are alone, Florence!"

"Just now. Mamma is very poorly this evening, and keeps her room. Papa was here a few minutes ago."

He released her hand, and stood looking at her, as she played with the petals of the flower. Not a word had Austin spoken of his love; not a word was he sure that he might speak. If he partially divined that it might be acceptable to her, he did not believe it would be to Mr. Hunter.

"The plant looks sickly," he observed.

"Yes. It is one that thrives in cold and wind. It came from Scotland. Mamma feared this close London atmosphere would not suit it; but I said it looked so hardy, it would be sure to do well. Rather than it should die, I would send it back to its bleak home."

"In tears, Florence! For the sake of a plant!"

"Not for that," she answered, twinkling the moisture from her eyelashes, as she raised them to his with a brave smile. "I was thinking of mamma; she appears to be fading rapidly, like the plant."

"She may grow stronger when the heat of summer shall have passed."

Florence slightly shook her head, as if she could not share in the suggested hope.

"Mamma herself does not seem to think she shall, Austin. She has dropped ominous words more than once, latterly. This afternoon I showed her the plant, that it was drooping. 'Ay, my dear,' she remarked, 'it is like me—on the wane.' And I think my uncle Bevary's opinion has become unfavorable."

It was a matter on which Austin could not urge hope, though he might suggest it, for he believed that Mrs. Hunter was fading rapidly. He changed the subject.

"I hope Mr. Hunter will come in, Florence. I am come to ask for leave of absence."

"Papa is not out; he is sitting with mamma. That is another reason why I fear danger for her. I think papa sees it; he is so solicitous for her comfort, so anxious to be with her, as if he would guard her from surprise or agitating topics. He will not suffer a visitor to enter at hazard; he will not let a note be given her, until he has first seen it."

"But he has long been thus anxious."

"I know. But still, latterly—however, I must hope against hope," broke off Florence. "I think I do; hope is certainly a very strong ingredient in my nature, for I cannot realize the parting with my dear mother. Did you say you have come for leave of absence? Where is it that you wish to go?"

"I have had a telegraphic dispatch from Ketterford," he replied, taking it from his pocket. "My good old friend, Mrs. Thornmett, is dying, and I must hasten thither with all speed."

"Oh!" uttered Florence, almost reproachfully. "And you are wasting the time with me!"

"Not so. The first train that goes does not start for an hour yet, and I can get to Paddington in half one. The news has grieved me much. The last time I was at Ketterford—you may remember it—Mrs. Thornmett was so very well, exhibiting no symptoms whatever of decay."

"I remember it," answered Florence. "It is two years ago. You stayed a whole fortnight with her."

"And had a battle with her to get away then," said Austin, smiling with the reminiscence, or with Florence's word "whole"—a suggestive word, spoken in that sense. "She wished me to remain longer. I wonder what illness can have stricken her? it must have been sudden."

"What is the relationship between you?"

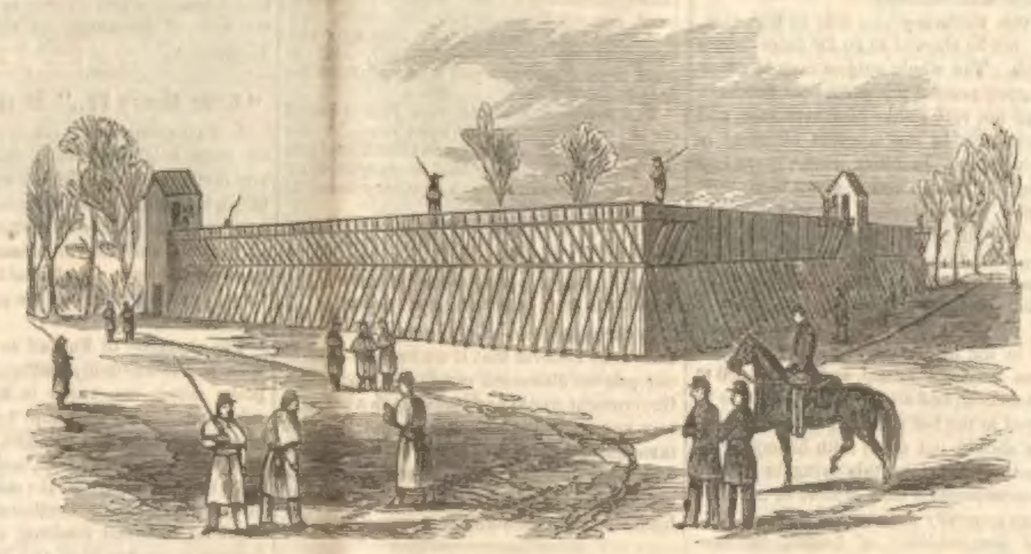
"A distant one. She and my mother were second cousins. If I—"

Austin was stopped by the entrance of Mr. Hunter—so changed, so bent and bowed, since you, reader, last saw him. The stout upright figure had grown thin and stooping, the fine dark hair was gray, the once calm self-reliant face was worn and haggard. Nor was that all; there was a constant *restlessness* in his manner, and in the turn of his eye, giving a spectator the idea that he lived in a state of ever-present perpetual fear.

Austin put the telegraphic message in his hand.

"It is an inconvenient time, I know, sir, for me to be away, busy as we are, and with this agitation rising among the men; but I cannot help myself. I will return as soon as it is possible."

Mr. Hunter did not hear the words. His eyes had fallen on the word "Ketterford," in the dispatch, and that seemed to scare away his senses. His hands shook as he held the paper, and for a few moments he appeared incapable of collected thought, of understanding anything. Austin explained again.



PRISON AT CAMP CHASE, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Columbus, the State capital of Ohio, is a fine town, situated on the Scioto river, 93 miles from its mouth. It has many manufactures, and is an important railroad centre. Near to this city is situated Camp Chase, named after one of the most efficient members of the Cabinet. The prison, where the Federal authorities confine the rebels who have the good fortune to fall into our hands, is situated at the south-east corner of the camp. It is a very secure structure, well guarded by soldiers, who give the prisoner small chance of falling again into the error of his ways. Our sketch (from Frank Leslie) shows the inclosure and guard-house. The former is about sixteen feet high, built of two-inch pine plank, well braced, and six-inch scantling, bolted thoroughly on the outside. There are now about three hundred rebels confined here, principally from the Border States. They are well fed and clothed. They spend most of their time in cutting various devices out of pine with their jack-knives, which are sold in the camp as relics of "Secesh." These generally fetch a good price, which enables them to indulge in many luxuries. Some of the officers are allowed to wander about the camp on parole.

"Oh, yes, yes, it is only—it is Mrs. Thornimett who is ill, and wants you—I comprehend now." He spoke in an incoherent manner, and with a sigh of the most intense relief. "I—I—saw the word 'dying,' and it startled me," he proceeded, as if anxious to account for his agitation. "You can go, Austin; you must go. Remain a few days there—a week, if you find it necessary."

"Thank you, sir. I will say farewell now, then."

He shook hands with Mr. Hunter, turned to Florence, and took hers.

"Remember me to Mrs. Hunter," he said in a low tone, which, in spite of himself, betrayed its own tenderness, "and tell her I hope to find her better on my return."

A few paces from the house Austin encountered Dr. Bevary.

"Is she much worse?" he exclaimed to Austin, in a hasty tone.

"Is who much worse, Doctor?"

"Mrs. Hunter. I have just had a message from her."

"Not very much, I fancy. Florence said her mamma was poorly this evening. I am off to Ketterford, Doctor, for a few days."

"To Ketterford!" replied Dr. Bevary, with an emphasis that showed the news had startled him. "What are you going there for? For—for Mr. Hunter?"

"For myself," said Austin. "A good old friend is ill—dying, the message says—and has telegraphed for me."

The physician looked at him searchingly.

"Do you speak of Miss Gwinn?"

"I should not call her a friend," replied Austin. "I allude to Mrs. Thornimett."

"A pleasant journey to you, then. And, Clay! Steer clear of those Gwinns; they would bring you no good."

It was in the dawn of the early morning that Austin entered Ketterford. He did not let the grass grow under his feet between the railway terminus and Mrs. Thornimett's; though he was somewhat dubious about disturbing the house. If she was really "dying," it might be well that he should do so; if only suffering from a severe illness, it might not be expected of him; and the wording of the message had been ambiguous, leaving it an open question. As he drew within view of the house, however, it exhibited signs of bustle; lights, not yet put out in the dawn, might be discerned through some of the curtained windows, and a woman, having much the appearance of a nurse, was coming out at the door, halting on the threshold a moment to hold converse with one within.

"Can you tell how Mrs. Thornimett is?" inquired Austin, addressing himself to her.

The woman shook her head.

"She is gone, sir. Not more than an hour ago."

Sarah, the old servant whom you have seen before at Mrs. Thornimett's, came forward, weeping.

"Oh, Mr. Austin! oh, sir! why could you not get here sooner?"

"How could I, Sarah?" was his reply. "I received the message only last evening, and came off by the first train that started."

"I'd have took a engine to myself, and rode upon its chimbley, but what I'd have got here in time," retorted Sarah. "Twice in the very last half hour of her life, she asked after you. 'Isn't Austin come?' 'Isn't he yet come?' Poor dear old mistress!"

"Why was I not sent for before?" he asked.

"Because we never thought it was turning serious," sobbed Sarah. "She caught cold some days ago, and it flew to her throat, or her chest, I hardly know which. The doctor was called in; and it's my belief *he* didn't know: the doctors now-a-days haint worth half what they'd used to be, and they call things by fine names that nobody can understand. However it may have been, nobody saw any danger, neither him nor us. But, at mid-day yesterday, there was a change, and the doctor said he'd like further advice to be brought in. And it was had; but they could not do her any good; and she, poor dear mistress, was the first to say that she was dying. 'Send for Austin,' she said to me; and one of the gentlemen he went to the wire telegraph place, and wrote the message. Will you see her, sir?"

Austin nodded acquiescence, and the servant led the way to the death chamber. It had been put straight, so to remain until all that was left of its many years occupant should be removed. She lay on the bed in placid stillness; her eyes closed, her pale face calm, a smile upon it, so sweet as almost to speak of heaven. Austin leaned over her, losing himself in solemn thoughts. Whither had the spirit flown? to what bright unknown world? Had it found the company of sister spirits? had it seen, face to face, its loving Saviour? Oh! what mattered how the fleeting years of this life had fretted themselves away! how worse than unimportant did they seem by the side of death! A little, more or less, of care; a lot where shade or sunshine shall have predominated; a few friends gained or lost; struggle, toil, hope—all must merge in the last rest. It was over; earth, with its troubles and its petty cares, with its race after fortune and its "goods stored up for many years;" as completely over for Mary Thornimett, as though it had never been. In the bright realms whither her spirit had hastened—

"I told Mrs. Dubbs to knock up the undertaker, and desire him to come here at once and take the measure for the coffin."

Sarah's interruption recalled Austin to the world. It is impossible, even in a death chamber, to run away from the ordinary duties of daily life! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Conversing to-day with an officer who had charge of the foraging expedition from Otterville, Mo., he informs us that if you meet a negro and ask him "whose hay-stacks are those?" he will reply, "Massa's." "Well, what is he, Union or secesh?" The reply invariably is, "Massa, he's boff, he's boff."

☞ Beardless youths, says Punch, are more prone to arrogance and self sufficiency. As they grow older their whiskers cover a great deal of their cheek.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

UNION FEELING IN THE SOUTH.

The letters from the correspondents of the daily papers in Tennessee are somewhat contradictory as to the amount of Union feeling which prevails in that state. This might have been expected. Each correspondent is naturally influenced in his opinions by those whom he happens to meet. If they are Union men, they represent the Union feeling to be very strong; if rebels, they give directly opposite testimony.

But this testimony, one way or the other, should not be allowed to go for more than it is worth. The whole subject may be determined upon general principles—for Southern men are not very unlike Northern men, and all other men, in the essential elements of their character. In other words, there is a great deal of human nature about them.

Judging the subject in this way, we may pronounce all the exaggerated rebel talk relative to "dying in the last ditch," and "leaving the country a desert," simply bombast and nonsense. Men are not likely to die in the "last" ditch who show no great desire to die in the *first* one. If the 2,500 men on Roanoke Island, and the 14,000 at Fort Donelson, had allowed themselves to be destroyed to the last man rather than surrender, we should put more faith in such braggart declarations. But this dying in ditches is more unpleasant than orators in crowded meetings generally suppose.

It is the tendency of human nature—whether in Northern or in Southern latitudes—to submit to the inevitable. At least half the population of the seceded states were opposed to secession—and yet the other half, by adroit management, compelled them to acquiesce in it. Not to acquiesce, was to encounter confiscation of property, abuse of families, and perhaps loss of life—and therefore the Union men of the South acquiesced in the rebel rule, even in districts where they were a large majority.

Now the rebels are not very different in character from the Union men. The moment all the rebel armies are dispersed or captured, their cannon taken, and the greater portion of the small arms in the hands of the government, they will begin to realize very rapidly the utter hopelessness of their cause. War is such an expensive thing now-a-days, that to hope to effect great results by guerilla and partisan warfare is little short of madness.

When the country thus passes in effect into the hands of the legitimate government, and to be a rebel is to encounter similar dangers to those formerly encountered by Union men, three-fourths of the disloyal inhabitants will begin to realize that "discretion is the better part of valor." The leaders, of course, and those most deeply compromised, may still advocate resistance when resistance is nothing but desperation; but the great majority of the community will hasten to embrace any offers of amnesty which may be held out to them. The great commercial and industrial interests will never commit suicide, but will, in every nation, make their peace by submission when resistance is no longer possible.

Of course this utter abandonment of rebellious principles can only be expected when the last great army of the rebels is driven from the field. In Tennessee, at the present moment, the rebels, though discouraged, doubtless still have hope. They see that though the war seems to be going against them, all is not lost. But if their great armies, one after another, are defeated, and hope thus utterly prostrated, the feeling will soon become one of utter despair, and the number of those who will profess always to have been Union men *at heart*, will about equal the number of the population.

In coming to this conclusion, we reason, as we said at the outset, mainly upon general principles. The Southern people are brave, and many of them disposed to be desperate; but there have been brave and desperate nations conquered in the past—Poland and France, for instance—and such will be conquered in the future. Besides, the rebel states have two great elements of weakness in them, which we have not even taken into consideration—one the institution of slavery, and the other the genuine Unionism of a large portion of their population. If we succeed, therefore, in defeating the rebel armies, we are not able to perceive that there will be any great difficulty in reconstructing the Union, as rapidly as the exigencies of the case may permit.

FOREIGN AS CONTRASTED WITH DOMESTIC TRADE.—The first number of a new monthly has recently appeared in this city. It is devoted to commercial matters, and is called the *American Exchange and Review*. An article on International Commerce states that in the most favorable commercial years *the foreign imports do not reach eight per cent. of the agricultural and manufactured articles of home consumption, and that the foreign exports do not attain to seven per cent. of our productions?* The same article estimates the value of the agricultural and manufactured products of the American Union at about $4,000,000,000 a year—which, by the way, is about the aggregate of the national debt of Great Britain.

MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON, the well-known authoress, and formerly a frequent correspondent of THE POST, died at her residence, near Adrian, Michigan, a short time since. She was a native of Middletown, Connecticut.

A PEREMPTORY LETTER.

The following letter from Earl Russell to Lord Lyons, recently submitted to Parliament among other papers relative to the affair of the Trent, goes to prove what was believed at the time, that our amiable British cousins meant either to have an immediate surrender of Mason and Slidell, or else to unloose the dogs of war at once upon us:—

EARL RUSSELL TO LORD LYONS.

FOREIGN OFFICE, Nov. 30, 1861.

In my previous despatch of this date, I have instructed you, by command of her Majesty, to make certain demands of the Government of the United States.

Should Mr. Seward ask for delay, in order that this grave and painful matter should be deliberately considered, you will consent to a delay not exceeding seven days. If, at the end of that time, no answer is given, or if any other answer is given except that of a compliance with the demands of her Majesty's Government, *your lordship is instructed to leave Washington with all the members of your legation, bringing with you the archives of the legation, and to repair immediately to London.*

If, however, you should be of opinion that the requirements of her Majesty's Government are substantially complied with, you may report the facts to her Majesty's Government for their consideration, and remain at your post till you receive further orders.

You will communicate with Vice Admiral Sir A. Milne immediately upon receiving the answer of the American Government, and you will send him a copy of that answer, together with such observations as you may think fit to make.

You will also give all the information in your power to the Governors of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Jamaica, Bermuda, and such other of her Majesty's possessions as may be within your reach.

Is there any one—Englishman or American—who believes that if we had not been in our present distracted condition, the British Government would have taken such a peremptory and menacing course with us? It is this threatening to strike us when we were down, which has lowered England so much in the estimation even of those Americans who have been always heretofore her warmest friends.

WILD RUMORS.

Since the recent interdict was laid upon the transmission and publication of telegrams relative to military movements, the daily rumors in Philadelphia have been of the most prodigious and contradictory character. We have had the Union troops on the Potomac defeated at Leesburg, Col. Geary killed, Gen. Banks rushing to the head of the column and retrieving the battle, a great victory and the capture of Winchester, and we know not what else. Up to Friday, the 28th, it is stated semi-officially none of these things were true. It is further stated that whenever anything of importance does happen, the public shall be informed of it—the design being to guard against the disclosure of plans, and not of results.

What wild falsehoods would convulse the minds of men, in times like these, were it not for the newspapers. Men would hardly be able to attend to their daily business, or sleep at nights, if it were not for the regular bulletins from the seat of war, telling them exactly how things are—or at least that no disaster has befallen our forces.

A FRANK ADMISSION.

Our readers generally will be amused with the admission of Jeff. Davis, in his recent Message to the rebel "Congress," that "Events have demonstrated that the Confederate Government had attempted more than it had power successfully to achieve." According to Jeff., the effort to "protect" by arms the whole territory of the confederate states—including, we suppose, Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri—has proved a complete failure. But what are the rebels going to do? Do they intend to fall back upon the cotton states, and strive to preserve there their shadow of a Government? We think that before another year has passed, Jeff. will be prepared for a still more candid admission—and will acknowledge that in the whole secession movement, they attempted more than they had power to perform. The leading rebels will thus gain in sound judgment and in wisdom, even if they lose everything else.

A PROPER VETO.

Mayor Henry's veto of the bill appropriating $2,000 for the celebration of Washington's Birthday, on the ground that a large portion of the money was expended for eating, drinking, and smoking, appears to us a very proper use of the veto power. If the money had been expended for the general benefit, that would have been a different thing. The celebration seems to have been a very "private" affair, and therefore should have been paid for out of private purses. These are not the times for guzzling and puffing at the expense of the people, whose taxes bid fair to be quite heavy enough without their having to pay unnecessary bills for wines and cigars.

AMUSING.—A letter from London states that ex-Senator Mason, the rebel envoy, during the reading of the Queen's speech in the House of Commons, was seated in one of the side galleries, and that, singularly enough, *"his next neighbor was a negro of the deepest dye, one of the Haytian embassy, I believe;"* at all events, he must have been of note to have got a place in that exclusive locality." To the Americans present it must have been a very amusing sight—the proud and pompous envoy from reboldom, cheek-by-jowl with the "inevitable negro."

THE REBEL GENERALS.—According to the best information we can obtain from our daily contemporaries, Gen. Bushrod Johnston was *not* captured at Fort Donelson—he having taken to his heels an hour or two before the surrender. This Gen. Johnston is said by a correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, to have been "ignominiously turned out of the U. S. army" during the Mexican war, for "stealing." The story of Beauregard's illness is also said to be unfounded. Generals Buckner and Tilghman have been sent to Fort Warren.

FOREIGN KINDNESS.

Our readers will remember the anecdote of the Irishman who gravely expressed doubts as to the possibility of a monarchy ever being established in the United States, "because," said he, "you have not got the *blood!*"

The Allied Powers also seem to be impressed with the importance of this fact, and are therefore providing for Mexico the true "blue blood," in the shape of a scion of the royal house of Austria. How kind and charitable it is of these European gentlemen thus to supply from their foreign abundance the great want of the American continent!

Perhaps when Mexico is duly supplied—and that "orderly" system of things established there which has been productive of so much peace and such light taxes in Europe—the United States also may be favored with the proffer of some Hapsburg or Bourbon, to whose parental care we may safely confide our rights and destiny. Or, as one good turn deserves another, perhaps we may be able to proffer France and Spain and England a branch of our republican institutions—the rule of the million in return for their Maximilian.

"King Henry IV.," at the Walnut.

A Shaksperian attraction, different from the tragic height to which "star" actors usually invite us, has for the last week or so been filling the Walnut St. Theatre. Those who have not seen Henry IV., with Mr. Hackett as Falstaff, and Edwin Adams as Hotspur, have missed such an admirable rendition of this play as it is not often the good fortune of any one to see.

The character of Falstaff is one which, in spite of the sensuality, selfishness, and other faults which are urged in its dispraise, is raised above our contempt by the plenitude of wit that flows and sparkles in every word and action; a wit so keen that its aphorisms have become a part of the stock philosophy of the world, taxing intellectual criticism to expound their full meaning, and yet so rollicking in its fun that the lowest intellect cannot fail to catch the infection of its broad, comic drollery.

Mr. Hackett's impersonation of the fat knight appears to us admirable in every respect. He does not, as is too frequently the case, allow Falstaff to sink to the level of a buffoon. Even when serving as the butt for his companions' jests, he is, in a manner, king of the scene and of them. Gesture, by-play, and expression, all added point to every stroke of wit. Nothing could be more absolutely and broadly comic than the triumphant manner in which he turned his discomfiture at Gadshill to his own glorification—

"By the Lord, *I knew ye!*—as well as He that made ye! Why, hear ye, my masters, Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules, but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter. I was a coward upon instinct!"

Edwin Adams's Hotspur was, in its different and much less difficult style, as admirable as Hackett's Falstaff. In this character the tragic interest of the play culminates; for this drama is far from being a mere comedy. At the present time especially it touches so closely upon things of deep moment to us that the laugh is followed almost always by a thought not laughable. Falstaff's famous monologue on "Honour" hardly raised a laugh at all, witty as it is. Many points called out applause by their special reference to the things of to-day; Falstaff's ironical reply to the protest of the chief rebel that "*he* had not sought this day;" "No, rebellion lay in his way, and he found it;" the king's closing speech, "Thus ever doth rebellion find rebuke," &c.; and the whole tenor of the play was suggestive, even when not specially applicable. The older and more wary plotters avow to each other that their discontent arises from the fact that they no longer stand first in the realm. Hotspur, galled by their specious complaints,—the gracious offers of pardon and peace sent by the king perverted and misrepresented to further chafe his passionate, proud, ungovernable temper—rushes to the foremost place in the fight, and dies its greatest sacrifice. Poor Hotspur! Pity for him, but none for the selfish cunning that incited his rash nature to the fray. So closes the drama:—

"Rebellion in this land shall lose its sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A STRANGE STORY. A Novel. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, author of "What Will He Do With It," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," &c. With Illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The poet Gray declared that his idea of Elysium was to lie on a sofa all day and read novels—a gently indolent style of enjoyment, rivalling that of Thompson, who delighted to lounge beside wall-trained fruit trees, and bite off the sunny side of the fruit without taking his hands out of his pockets. We should like to see the gentle Gray in this our day, after finishing some sweetly soothing specimen of the domestic novel, or one of those titillating books where narrative supplies the chief charm, condemned to "tackle" one of the recent works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. We fancy we see him rise rigidly from his lazy recumbence, knit his indolent brows, and finally sink back overwhelmed by the ponderous undertaking. Poor man: he thought a novel meant light reading, relaxation for the mind, instead of necessitating such mental labor as this!

We can assure our readers, on the faith of our own overtasked wits, that this "Strange Story" is no joke to the reader of it. The bill of fare, it is true, is tempting enough, for, beside the necessary lovely maiden, chivalric lover, and thwarting enemy, it contains a large assortment of demons, angels, sorcerers, clairvoyants, and searchers for the Elixir of Life; all pleasantly stimulating articles. But who, without possessing a mental digestion equalling that of the ostrich, which is said to bolt a handful of nails as a light dessert after dinner, can be expected to swallow the metaphysical theories of Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Hibbert, Bichat, &c., &c., as seasoning for the very light diet we have mentioned? The supernatural agencies which act as the motive powers of this "Strange Story" are made stalking horses for the long disquisitions, compounded of fanciful theories and conglomerate fragments of learning, which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton dignifies by the name of his "Philosophy." Copious foot-notes refer us to the authors from whom he has drawn his varied stores, and a grandiloquent and labored style strives to lift these fables and these arguments above the level of the childish and the common-place.

We do not object to the introduction of the supernatural element into works of fiction. Where it evidently expresses the genuine belief of the author,—as in the scene in Jane Eyre, when the midnight cry "Jane! Jane!" forces its way to her, overcoming space and time; or the warning which Adam Bede receives of the death of his father;—the effect is thrilling. Even when there is not the same impression of the author's conviction of its truth, it may be admissible, if the superstructure is erected on a foundation which we recognize as worthy and true.

The theory upon which the novel at present in question is based is not, at first sight, a very startling one. It divides itself primarily into two heads; first, man has a soul; second, man's soul lives after death. It would probably occur to most persons that this truth, on whose certainty the whole Christian fabric is founded, can hardly at this day need the special enforcement of it by means of two hundred heavy double-columned pages of fiction, enlivened by all sorts of supernatural occurrences, and solemnized by elaborate arguments; but the peculiarity and ingenuity of the theory remains to be told.

Soul, in this author's creed, does not express the life of the spiritual man in its totality, but a something—an etherial starry spark, to use his own language—distinct from the intellect, and from perceptive life, and even separable from them. He imagines a man, endowed with lofty powers of mind, and with aims and desires once pure, but finally perverted to dire wickedness. Through all the soul never ceases to strive in woe and remorse against the sins of the body and the intellect, till finally, on the eve of a great crime, it "rises from the ruins around it" and leaves a Thing behind, still possessing intellectual and sensuous life, adorned with learning and with power acquired by magical arts, but without a soul. This monster is the wicked demon of the story, and through him the plot is evolved. What becomes of the "etherial, starry spark" which is declared to be immortal, we are not informed; nor what sort of a thing a soul is, since it is not, it seems, a man, nor anything like one. Probably the ingenious author has not settled those questions for himself, though he appears wonderfully confident on most points; as confident as we are that all this is sheer nonsense.

Natural, intellectual and moral life are certainly, in some sort, distinct. So are the three great nervous centres of animal life, the cerebrum, the cerebellum, and the spinal column, distinct one from the other; yet it would be a strange idea that a man's life was in one and not in the other, when we all know it takes all three to sustain it. It would be a refreshingly original surgical idea to take off the top of a man's brain because the organs at its base were immoderately developed, but it would be precisely the natural expression of Bulwer Lytton's remarkable metaphysical theory.

It would be hardly fair to criticise a novel in this way, instead of discussing it merely in a literary aspect, were it not that it is upon the arguments of the book that its author founds his evidently high opinion of his work, and on the strength of his collection of half knowledges and incomplete truths assumes a claim to lead and instruct us as our "guide, philosopher and friend."

USEFUL TO LADIES LEARNING TO SKATE.—Strapping fellows.

NATURAL ENOUGH.—When the rebels see our FOOTE they want to leg it.

"REGULAR SNAPPERS."—Uncle Sam's Mississippi "Turtles."

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S LATEST MAXIM.—MAXIMILIAN for Mexico.

GREAT REBEL CONUNDRUM.—Why did General FLOYD fail to win glory at the fall of Donelson? Because of his Roaring Disposition.

A CONGRESSIONAL CON.—Why is the word "Ten" like JESSE BRIGHT? Because it is X spelled.

SEEKING AN ASYLUM.—A correspondent of a daily paper asks "are the rebel leaders mad?" If not mad, they are certainly a little flighty.

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FLIGHTS.—FLOYD.

POLITE WAY OF IMPEACHING A GENTLEMAN'S VERACITY.—Sir, you tell a telegram.

☞ "A person," says the Paris Sport, "who looks at the world in somewhat gloomy colors, having recently complained in M. Auber's presence, how hard it was that people must grow old. 'Hard as it is,' replied the veteran composer, 'it seems to be the only means yet discovered of enjoying long life.'"

MARCH.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

With rushing winds and gloomy skies
The dark and stubborn Winter dies;
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise:
March!

By streams still held in icy snare,
On Southern hill-sides, melting bare,
O'er fields that motley colors wear,
That summons fills the changeful air:
March!

What though conflicting seasons make
Thy days their field, they woo or shake
The sleeping tide of Life awake,
And Hope is stronger for thy sake,
March!

Then from thy mountains ribbed with snow,
Once more thy rousing bugle blow,
And East and West, and to and fro,
Proclaim thy coming to the foe!
March!

Say to the picket, chilled and numb,
Say to the camp's impatient hum,
Say to the trumpet and the drum:
Lift up your hearts, I come, I come!
March!

Cry to the waiting boats that stray
On sandy sea-sides far away,
By marshy isle and gleaming bay,
Where Southern March is Northern May:
March!

Announce thyself with welcome noise,
Where Glory's victor-eagles poise
Above the proud, heroic boys
Of Iowa and Illinois:
March!

Then down the long Potomac's line
Shout like a storm on hills of pine,
Till ramrods ring and bayonets shine:
"Advance! the Chieftain's call is mine:
MARCH!"

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

POST THE BOOKS.

Since the 1st of November the National arms have not met with a single reverse, great or small, but on the contrary have moved on uninterruptedly from victory to victory.

Nov. 7.—Capture of Port Royal and Beaufort, S. C.
Dec. 13.—Defeat of the rebels at Camp Alleghany, Va.
Dec. 18.—1,300 rebels captured by Gen. Pope, at Milford, Mo.
Dec. 18.—Defeat of 4,000 rebels at Dranesville, Va., with heavy loss.
Jan. 1.—Defeat of rebels and capture of their fortifications at Port Royal Ferry, S. C.
Jan. 9.—Defeat of 3,000 rebels under Gen. Marshall, by Col. Garfield, with 1,700 men, at Prestonburg, Ky.
Jan. 19.—Defeat of 10,000 rebels under Gens. Zollicoffer and Crittenden, at Mill Spring, Ky., by Gen. Thomas, and capture of rebel entrenchments, artillery, etc.
Feb. 6.—Capture of Fort Henry, Tenn., and Gen. Tilghman, by Com. Foote.
Feb. 8.—Capture of Roanoke Island and five forts, with 2,500 rebels, and destruction of rebel flotilla in Albermarle Sound, by Gen. Burnside and Com. Goldsborough.
Feb. 14.—The rebel force at Blooming Gap, Va., defeated by Brig. Gen. Lander, after a forced march of 42 miles in 24 hours.
Feb. 15.—The rebels evacuated Bowling Green, their most strongly fortified position in the West, styled by themselves the "Western Sebastopol."
Feb. 16.—Capture of Fort Donelson, Tenn., with 14,000 rebels, 20,000 stand of arms and 70 guns, by Gens. Grant and McClernand.
Feb. 18.—Major-Gen. Price, at the head of 12,000 rebels, driven out of Springfield, Mo., by Gen. Curtis; Price's rear guard routed.
Feb. 18.—The rebel forces expelled from Southern Missouri, and the national flag raised in Arkansas.
Feb. 19.—Evacuation of the rebel forts and position at Clarksville, Tenn., before the advance of Gen. Grant and Com. Foote from Fort Donelson.
Feb. 19.—Affair of Sugar Creek, Arkansas; Gens. Price and McCulloch forced to retreat by the national forces under Gen. Curtis.
Feb. 23.—Occupation of Nashville, Tenn., by Federal troops.

About 20,000 rebels have been captured in the above battles.

☞ The postal receipts for letters carried during the last quarter of 1861 are but little less than during the same period the year before, when the mails went all over the Union. The cost of transportation is three millions less.

☞ Æsthetics are strangely blended with morals in woman's mind. With the fair sex good looks are a part of good behavior. It is a woman's duty to be beautiful, as it is her privilege. Thus we were amused not long since at the farewell words of an anxious mother about sending her daughter out into the world. "Be a good girl," said she, "do the best you can, never do anything wrong, and—*be sure and keep your eyebrows brushed up!*"

☞ The secessionists in St. Louis were badly frightened a few days ago, by a report that Gen. Halleck had telegraphed to the Secretary of War, asking permission to send away during the war about five hundred of the most noisy and troublesome of the rebels in St. Louis, and that the reply was "five thousand, if necessary."

☞ There is no such title as postmistress; therefore a female holding the office must carry the male distinction.

MESSAGE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The following is the Message of Jeff. Davis, delivered to the rebel Congress:—

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Confederate States:—

In obedience to the provisions of the Constitution, requiring the President, from time to time, to give to Congress information of the state of the Confederacy, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient, I have to communicate that, since my message at the last session of the Provisional Congress, events have demonstrated that the Government had attempted more than it had power successfully to achieve.

Hence in the effort to protect by our arms the whole territory of the Confederate States, seaboard and inland, we have been so exposed as recently to encounter serious disasters.

NORTHERN "MUDSILLS" AND MECHANICS.—When the Confederacy was formed, the states composing it were, in the peculiar character of their pursuits and a misplaced confidence in their former associates, to a great extent destitute of the means for the prosecution of a war on so gigantic a scale as that which it has attained. The workshops and artists were mainly to be found in the Northern states; and one of the first duties which devolved upon this Government was to establish the necessary manufactories, and in the meantime to obtain, by purchase from abroad, as far as practicable, whatever was required for the public defence.

ARMS AND NAVY WANTED.—No effort has been spared to effect both of these ends, and though the results have not equalled our hopes, it is believed that an impartial judgment will, upon full investigation, award the various Departments of the Government credit for having done all which human power and foresight enabled them to accomplish. The valor and devotion of the people have not only sustained the efforts of the Government but have gone far to support its deficiences. The active state of military preparations among the nations of Europe in April—the date when our agents first went abroad—interposed unavoidable delays in the procurement of arms, and the want of a navy has greatly impeded our efforts to impart military supplies of all sorts.

ROANOKE AND DONELSON NOT HEARD FROM.—I have hoped for several days to receive official reports in relation to our discomfiture at Roanoke Island and the fall of Fort Donelson. They have not yet reached me, and I am therefore unable to communicate to you such information of past events and the consequences resulting from them as would enable me to make recommendations founded upon the changed condition which they have produced. Enough is known of the surrender at Roanoke Island to make us feel that it was deeply humiliating, however imperfect may have been the preparations for defence.

The hope is still entertained that our reported losses at Fort Donelson have been much exaggerated, inasmuch as I am not only unwilling but unable to believe that a large army of our people have surrendered without a desperate attempt to cut their way through the investing forces, whatever may have been there numbers, and to endeavor to make a junction with the other divisions of the army. But in the absence of that exact information which can be afforded by official reports, it it would be premature to pass judgment, and my own is reserved, as I trust yours will be, until that information is received.

REINFORCEMENTS SENT FORWARD.—In the meantime strenuous efforts have been made to throw forward reinforcements to the armies at the positions threatened, and I cannot doubt that the utter disappointments we have borne, by nerving the people to still greater exertions, will speedily secure results more accordant with our past expectations, and as favorable to our cause as those which marked the *earlier periods* of the war.

ARMY AND NAVY DEVELOPING.—The Reports of the Secretaries of War and the Navy will exhibit the mass of resources for the conduct of the war which we have been enabled to accumulate, notwithstanding the very serious difficulties against which we have contended. They afford cheering hopes that our resources, limited as they were at the beginning of the contest, will, during its progress, become developed to such an extent as fully to meet our future wants.

SHORT ENLISTMENTS VS. A LONG WAR.—The policy of enlistments for short terms, against which I have steadily contended since the beginning of the war, has, in my judgment, contributed in no immaterial degree to the recent reverses which we have suffered; and, even now, renders it difficult to furnish you an accurate statement of the army.

When the war first broke out, many of our people could with difficulty be persuaded that it would be long or serious. It was not deemed possible that anything so insane as a persistent attempt to subjugate these States could be made—still less that the delusion would so far prevail as to give to the war the vast proportions that it has assumed. The people, incredulous of a long war, were naturally averse to long enlistments, and the early legislation of Congress rendered it impracticable to obtain volunteers for a greater period than twelve months. Now that it has become probable that the war will be continued through a series of years, our high-spirited and gallant soldiers, while generally re-enlisting, are from the fact of their having entered the service for a short term, compelled, in many instances, to go home to make the necessary arrangements for their families during their prolonged absence.

NEW ENLISTMENTS AND THE "C. S. A." ARMY.—The quotas of the new regiments for the war, called for from the different states, are in rapid progress of *organization*. The whole body of new levies and re-enlisted men, will probably be ready and in the ranks within the next thirty days. But in the meantime, it is exceedingly difficult to give an accurate statement of the number of our forces in the field. They may, in general terms, be stated at four hundred regiments of infantry, with a proportionate force of cavalry and artillery, details of which will be shown by the Report of the Secretary of War.

I deem it proper to advert to the fact that the process of furloughs and re-enlistments in progress for the last month, has so far disorganized and weakened our forces as to impair our ability for a successful defence; but I heartily congratulate you that this evil, which I had foreseen and was powerless to prevent, may now be said to be substantially at an end, and that we shall not again, during the war, be exposed to seeing our strength diminished by this fruitful cause of disaster—short enlistments.

OUR NAVY.—The people of the Confederate states being principally engaged in agricultural pursuits, were unprovided, at the commencement of hostilities, with ships, shipyards, materials for ship building, or skilled mechanics and seamen in sufficient numbers to make the prompt creation of a navy a practical task, even if the required appropriations had been made for the purpose. Notwithstanding our very limited resources, however, the report of the Secretary will exhibit to you a satisfactory proportion in preparation, and certainty of near completion of vessels of a number and class on which we may confidently rely for contesting the vaunted control of the enemy over our waters.

FINANCIAL SYSTEM.—The financial system devised by the wisdom of your predecessors has proved adequate to supplying all the wants of the Government, notwithstanding the unexpected and very large increase of expenditures resulting from the great augmentation in the necessary means of defence. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury will exhibit the gratifying fact that we have no floating debt, that the credit of the Government is unimpaired, and that the total expenditure of the Government for the year has been, in round numbers, $170,000,000—less than one third of the sum wanted by the enemy in his vain efforts to conquer us, and less than the value of a single article of export—the cotton crop of the year.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.—The report of the Postmaster-General will show the condition of that department to be steadily improving, its revenues increasing, and already affording assurance that it will be self-sustained at the date required by the Constitution, while affording ample mail facilities for the people.

In the Department of Justice, which includes the Patent Office and Public Printing, some legislative provisions will be required, which will be specifically stated in the report of the head of that Department.

A SUPREME COURT.—I invite the attention of Congress to the duty of organizing a Supreme Court of the Confederate States, in accordance with the mandate of the Constitution.

I refer you to my message, communicated to the Provisional Congress in November last, for such further information as it might be useful to lay before you, the short interval which has since elapsed not having produced any material changes in that condition other than those to which reference has already been made.

A CORDIAL WELCOME.—In conclusion I cordially welcome the representatives, who being recently chosen by the people, are fully imbued with their views and feelings, and can so ably advise me as to the needful provisions for the public service. I assure you of my hearty co-operation in all your efforts for the common welfare of the country.

(Signed) JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

CAPTURE OF FAYETTEVILLE.—UNITED STATES TROOPS POISONED.—DEATH OF CAPTAIN DOLFERT.—ST. LOUIS, Feb. 27.—The following dispatch was sent from headquarters to day to Major General McClellan, Washington:—

"General Curtis has taken possession of Fayetteville, Arkansas, capturing a number of prisoners, stores, baggage, &c. The enemy burnt part of the town before leaving. They have crossed the Boston mountain in great confusion. We are now in possession of all their strongholds.

"Forty two officers and men of the Fifth Missouri cavalry were poisoned at Mud Town, by eating poisoned food, which the rebels left behind them. The gallant Captain Dolfert died, Lieutenant-Colonel Deutsh and Captain Aalman have suffered much, but are recovering. The indignation of our soldiers is very great, but they have been restrained from retaliating upon the prisoners of war. Signed

"H. W. HALLECK, Major-General."

CROSS HOLLOW, Ark., Feb. 24.—Our army is waiting for supplies, and will not be likely to move for ten or twelve days. Price and McCulloch are beyond the Boston Mountains. Our troops took possession of Fayetteville at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. The ruins of the town were smoking when our troops entered.

The rebels are badly demoralized. A Louisiana and a Texas Regiment are with McCulloch.

THE REBELS SURROUNDED AT MURFREESBORO'—GEN. BUELL DEMANDS THEIR UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.—CAIRO, Feb. 28.—Advices from the neighborhood of Murfreesboro' state that the rebels concentrated at that place have been surrounded by Gen. Buell's forces, so that none could escape.

The rebels offered to surrender the position to the Federal troops if they would be allowed to march out with the honors of war.

General Buell refused to allow them these conditions, and demanded their unconditional surrender. He notified them that he would allow two days for consideration, and if the place was not surrendered at the expiration of that period he would open fire upon them. The time expired this morning.

REPORT RELATIVE TO MURFREESBORO', TENNESSEE, BEING SURROUNDED NOT CONFIRMED.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—There is nothing in the official telegrams last received to show that the rebels are evacuating Columbus, nor has any information been received from Gen. Buell since the announcement of the taking of Nashville, when he was within four miles of that city.

The newspaper reports of the rebels being surrounded at Murfreesboro' have not yet been confirmed.

TENNESSEE.—NO UNION FEELING IN CLARKSVILLE.—A special dispatch to the Chicago Times, of this city, dated Clarksville, the 23rd inst., gives the following gloomy account of the state of feeling among the people there. It says there is but one Union man in the town, and he is sixty years old, or he would have been killed long ago. The Hon. Cave Johnson, who was a powerful advocate for the Union until the war commenced, is now as powerful an advocate on the other side. He says that the only effect of our success will be to drive the people of Tennessee into the mountains, and render them desperate.

There is not a spark of Union feeling here, and no one pretends to disguise the fact. The people of Clarksville glory in secession, but, at the same time, they are trembling lest the town should be burned. There was a large quantity of rebel stores, a portion of which was carried off and the remainder destroyed. The rebel leaders shipped a thousand negroes last week from Clarksville.

[*Note by Editor of Post.* Other accounts state precisely the reverse—saying the town is full of Union men.]

LETTER FROM LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Edward Everett has received the following handsome letter from the Emperor of the French:—

COMPIEGNE, 24 Nov., 1861.

SIR: I have read with the most lively interest the discourse pronounced by you at the dinner at which H. I. H. the Prince Napoleon was present, and which you have sent me. I am happy to have found, in language full of cordiality and frankness, the animated expression of the sentiments by which America and France have been for so many years united. I have also been particularly touched by the just homage rendered to the genius of the chief of my family. Receive, therefore, my sincere thanks, and be pleased to make my acknowledgments to your honorable fellow-citizen, Dr. Holmes, for his ode, so full of inspiration of Vive la France. Believe me, sir, in my distinguished consideration, [Signed] NAPOLEON.

MR. STARK, appointed Senator from Oregon, has been admitted to a seat in the Senate by 28 ayes to 19 nays. An amendment was adopted providing that this resolution, admitting Mr. Stark to a seat, should not prejudice subsequent action.

MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Major-General Ulysses S. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clairmont county, Ohio, April 27, 1823, and entered West Point Military Academy from Ohio in 1839, where he graduated with honors in 1843, and was attached as brevet Second Lieutenant to the Fourth Infantry. He was promoted Second Lieutenant at Corpus Christi, in September, 1845, and served as such through Mexico, under Gen. Taylor, at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, and under Gen. Scott from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and was twice promoted for his bravery. He was regimental Quartermaster from April 1, 1847, and when he resigned the service, on the 31st of July, 1854, he was a full Captain in the Fourth Infantry of regulars. After his resignation he settled in St. Louis county, Missouri, and moved from there to Galena, Illinois, in 1860. Upon the breaking out of the present war he offered his services to Governor Yates, and was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-First Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and served with his regiment until promoted a Brigadier-General, with commission and rank from the 17th of May, 1861. He was engaged as Colonel and acting Brigadier General in several of the contests in South-eastern Missouri; and his course as commander of the southeast district of Missouri has been thoroughly scrutinized, and among his most praiseworthy acts was the occupation of Paducah, and stoppage of communication and supplies to the Rebels via the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The manner in which he conducted the battle of Belmont is still fresh in our readers' minds. The rest of his course as commander there is too well known to be repeated here. After the capture of Fort Henry a new district was created, under the denomination of the District of West Tennessee, and Gen. Grant was assigned by Gen. Halleck to the command of it. Gen. Grant's performance at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and his correspondence with the rebel Gen. Buckner are too well known to need description here. He has since been appointed a Major General by the President, and unanimously confirmed by Congress.

TO ILLINOIS.

[The gallant conduct of the Illinois troops at Fort Donelson has drawn forth the following poem from a correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser:]

O, gales that dash the Atlantic's swell
Along our rocky shores,
Whose thunders diapason well
New England's glad hurrahs,—

Bear to the prairies of the West
The echoes of our joy,
The prayer that springs in every breast,
"God bless thee—Illinois!"

O, awful hours, when grape and shell
Tore through the unflinching line;
"Stand firm, remove the men who fell,
Close up and wait the sign."

It came at last: "Now, lads, the steel!"
The rushing hosts deploy;
"Charge, boys!"—the broken traitors reel,
Huzza for Illinois!

In vain thy rampart, Donelson,
The living torrent bars;
It leaps the wall, the fort is won,
Up go the Stripes and Stars.

Thy proudest mother's eyelids fill,
As dares her gallant boy,
And Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill
Yearn to thee—Illinois!"

Boston, Feb. 22, 1862.

THE POTOMAC.

BANKS OCCUPYING CHARLESTOWN—NO OPPOSITION YET.

BOLIVAR, Feb. 28.—Gen. Bank's army occupied Harper's Ferry, unopposed, on Wednesday, with all the necessaries for a permanent occupation.

The advance took possession of Bolivar Heights, and yesterday pushed its reconnoissances to Charlestown, capturing a few prisoners. Loudon Heights are also occupied, in order to prevent any flank movement by the enemy.

To-day Charlestown was occupied by a strong force, and will be held against any attack.

The plans of the commanders are not known; but the movement is, probably, intended to cover the reconstruction of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and bridges, and may, perhaps mean more.

A train of cars passing the Berlin station was fired at to-day by a rebel battery, but no harm was done.

The troops are in excellent condition and well protected from the inclement weather. No accident occurred in transporting the troops and supplies over the river. The pontoon bridge was a complete success.

Hundreds of refugees have returned to their desolated homes, and those remaining are overjoyed at our presence.

Nothing reliable has been heard from Winchester, but the current reports say it has been considerably reinforced.

A small body of the enemy are supposed to be south of Loudon Heights, four or five miles back from the river; but they are not of sufficient strength to cause any alarm.

GEN. LANE AGAIN.—Gen. Lane has telegraphed from Fort Leavenworth to Hon. John Covode, that Gen. Hunter had left for Washington, and that if the authority were given him he now had all the men he wished, and would move on the column. It is sincerely hoped that permission may be granted.

Gen. Hunter is expected at Washington, when the matter will be definitely settled, if it is not done before then by the President.

THE ARMY PROMOTIONS for gallant services in the late brilliant victories will probably be announced during the next week. They have been delayed until all the official reports have been received.

NASHVILLE OCCUPIED.

UNION FEELING.—ATTEMPT OF TEXAN RANGERS TO BURN THE TOWN.

A dispatch received by the Secretary of the Navy, is as follows:—

CAIRO, Feb. 28.—A dispatch, just received from Lieut. Commanding Bryant, says that the gunboat Cairo preceded Gen. Nelson's arrival at Nashville with his brigade, amid the waving of handkerchiefs.

I will send the dispatch with further particulars. A. H. FOOTE, Flag-officer.

CLARKSVILLE, Feb. 24.—A flag of truce arrived here yesterday from Nashville. The rebels have destroyed the bridges, pitched their cannon into the river, and evacuated the place. A deputation of prominent citizens asked that private property be respected, and our army take possession. General Mitchell's Division was then within nine miles of Nashville. General Nelson is up the Cumberland, and will arrive at Nashville to-night.

Major-General Grant is at Clarksville. The rebels are reported concentrating at some point south or south-west of Nashville.

Northern and Eastern Tennessee are now safe. The weather is delightful for movements, being as warm as May in Ohio, and the roads are rapidly drying up.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

We hold Nashville. The citizens sent down a boat, asking the gunboats to go up, and the gunboats have gone.

The rebels evacuated in the greatest haste, leaving guns, transportation, gunboats, and everything. Governor Harris left with them, taking away the state records.

The rebels are reported concentrated at Murfreesboro.

A person just from Nashville describes the rebels' stampede as a perfect panic. The Mayor made a speech, saying he was still secession to the back-bone. "But," said he, "you see how it is; the game is up, and we must either surrender the town, or have it burned."

When he left they were trying to get away their pork, of which they had large quantities stored there.

The Texan Rangers committed all manner of excesses, on their own friends even, and then left in wild confusion.

The Democrat's Clarksville dispatch of the 26th says:—Gen. Nelson is in command at Nashville; Gen. Buell being still on the north side of the river.

The Union sentiment was very strong, and our troops were received with great cordiality.

Great indignation was expressed by the citizens of Nashville against Governor Harris. He was fairly driven away by the Union men—the latter having become bold at the proximity of the Union troops, and dared to assert their rights.

The Democrat's Clarksville despatch of the 28th says:—The rebel soldiers before leaving Nashville plundered many dwellings and business houses, and excited great alarm among the people. Several rebels were shot by the citizens whom they were robbing.

Before leaving, Governor Harris made a speech recommending the citizens to burn their private property, and calling on the Tennesseeans to rally and meet him at Memphis, but no one paid any attention to him, and it is not thought that he will receive any considerable reinforcements.

Gen. Crittenden's command had joined Gen. Johnston at Murfreesboro. The railroad bridge at Murfreesboro was destroyed by order of Floyd, against the urgent entreaties of the citizens, and this wanton act of destruction caused much indignation among them.

The rebel army, in their retreat from Nashville, left behind 1,000 of their sick and wounded. They destroyed the bridges and burned all the steamboats lying there but one, which escaped. The Texas soldiers fired the city in many places, but the citizens extinguished the flames.

A great majority of the property owners remained at Nashville to receive the protection of the United States troops. The excitement among them was intense.

Before leaving Nashville, Governor Harris made a speech, in which he said he had done all he could, and was going to leave for Memphis, to which place he advised the citizens to follow him.

The Rebel War Department has called on Tennessee for thirty-two more regiments.

An official dispatch received from Knoxville says an ample force will advance from Richmond to protect East Tennessee.

Governor Harris has taken the field in person.

The story of General Beauregard's illness is unfounded. He left Corinth for Columbus on the 19th.

The Memphis Avalanche, of the 24th, says that persons, reported to have left General Johnston's command, say he entertains no doubt of his ability to re-enter Nashville whenever he wished to do so.

NEWS ITEMS.

MILITARY POSSESSION OF THE TELEGRAPH LINES.—An order has been issued by the War Department taking military possession of all the telegraph lines in the United States, and prohibiting from being published in the newspapers, all communications in regard to military operations not expressly authorized by the military authorities. This order is a very proper one. The journals disobeying will have their "editions" seized, and be debarred from ordinary telegraphic privileges, and likewise be refused postal facilities.

FINED FOR DUELLING.—At Cincinnati on Wednesday last, Col. Horace Heffrer and Col. G. C. Moody, both of Indiana regiments, were tried at Cincinnati and convicted of engaging as principals in a duel. They did not fight, it appears, the difficulty having been adjusted on the "field of honor." The court fined them five hundred dollars each.

THE Russian government is placed in great difficulty in consequence of the anathema launched by the Israelitish clergy against the spy system. All the best spies in the Russian service were Jews; their refusal to do this dirty work any longer has completely disorganized a department of the state.

THE snow is very deep in the eastern and northern parts of New England. The upper railroads of New Hampshire were blocked more by snow last week than at any previous time this winter. In central New Hampshire the snow is five feet deep on an average, and on the sea coast, thirty miles below Boston, it is from three to four feet deep.

A MAN at Woodstock, New Brunswick, contracted to convey the British soldiers from that place to Canada, at sixty-four dollars per head, and sub-let his contract to another person at twenty-four dollars per head, thus making forty dollars net on each soldier conveyed. The average number conveyed in January was fifteen a day.

GEN. BUCKNER states as a reason for his surrender that he had but two days' provisions left in Fort Donelson. But his communications with Clarksville were open.

COLT'S ESTATE.—The estate of the late Samuel Colt is estimated by his attorney to be worth about $2,000,000. A bequest in his will of $500,000, for the purpose of founding and endowing an institution in Hartford for the education of meritorious young men in practical mechanics and engineering, was revoked by a codicil, for the reason, it is supposed, that he thought the city had not dealt fairly by him. He leaves to his wife a gross legacy of $50,000; a life-estate in the mansion-house, with surrounding grounds and out-buildings; a life-estate in 1,000 shares of Colt Manufacturing Company stock; and a large proportion of the residuum of the estate.

A NEW SECT.—"The Wine-brennarians," a new sect of so-called Christians at Pittsburg, who have a Rev. *Mrs.* Beecher (no relation to Henry Ward) as their preacher, have a new feature (no pun intended) in the regular "washing of feet" before the pulpit, in presence of the whole congregation. The rite is administered at set times, appointed for the Lord's Supper, and some idea of following the custom adopted among the barefoot wanderers over the hills of Judea, no doubt has suggested this singular custom. Perhaps the sect are strong believers in the old tenet that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and act upon it in this fluid application, which may be called, without any quip upon words, going to *extremities*.

GENERALS Buckner and Tilghman are *en route* for Fort Warren. Strange to say, while their capture was partially due to the gallantry of *Foote*, their escort to Fort Warren is Colonel *Boote*.

FROM Missouri we have the pleasing intelligence that the rebels have been driven out of Dent, Texas and Howell counties.

THE report of a heavy explosion was heard on Wednesday in the direction of Columbus, supposed to have originated from the blowing up of the fortifications at that place by the rebels.

MR. GRIMES presented in the Senate the memorial of Charles Fletcher, asking for a charter for the Union Cotton Supply Company, with power to lease or purchase Lands in any part of the United States, and contract with free laborers, &c. Referred.

IT is understood that the nomination of Lieutenant-General Scott as Minister Extraordinary to Mexico, made by the President recently in view of the foreign complications in that country, has been withdrawn. The Senate seem to be averse to any intervention at present.

AN amendment recently adopted by the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, relative to schools, makes 22 days a school month.

By an order from the War Department, we learn that Major-General Dix and the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, have been appointed Commissioners to examine the cases of the men still remaining in confinement in the custody of the United States, and to decide whether they should be released, retained, or turned over to the civil authority.

THE news of the Mill Spring victory had been received in England with much satisfaction, and it was thought to furnish most cheering promise for the Union cause.

REPORTED EVACUATION OF COLUMBUS.—REBELS TO FALL BACK TO ISLAND NO. 10.—CAIRO, Feb. 28.—We learn from a gentleman who is thoroughly conversant with Kentucky affairs, that the rebels are dismounting their large guns and columbiads at Columbus, and the work of evacuation is now going on.

Several transports are lying at Columbus to carry off the troops.

Every man coming into Columbus is impressed—even farmers with their teams.

Several hundred negroes were sent to the interior yesterday. This is from a reliable source.

The Memphis papers of the 19th say that Gen. Polk issued orders on the day previous, directing that the track of the Memphis and Ohio railroad should be torn up and the bridges destroyed, preparatory to the evacuation of Columbus and demolition of the fortifications.

The Columbus forces are to fall back to Island No. 10, on the Mississippi, about forty miles below Columbus, which, it is said, completely commands the river, and can be fortified with heavy guns and made impregnable against any river attack.

☞ A mob may have as many ears as a corn-field, and be as deaf to reason.

LATEST NEWS.

TENNESSEE.

OFFICIAL DISPATCHES—A MILITARY PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT TO BE ESTABLISHED—ANDREW JOHNSON TO BE A BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—Official information to the War Department from Nashville, represents that the military work in that state is about completed, and that it only remains to effect a civil re-organization of the state government. It is believed that the United States forces will occupy Columbus to-day.

The rebel forces under Albert S. Johnston are being pressed steadily backward by Gen. Buell.

Cotton to the value of $700,000 has fallen into our hands at Nashville, and the Treasury Department has taken measures to have it brought to New York.

The President has designated the Hon. Andrew Johnson to be a Brigadier-General, and he proceeds to Tennessee to-morrow to open a military provisional government of Tennessee until the civil government shall be re-constructed.

Gen. Buell will be nominated to-morrow as a Major-General of volunteers.

THE TOWN OF COLUMBUS IN FLAMES.

CHICAGO, March 2.—A special dispatch to the Times, dated Cairo, March 1st, reports that the unanimous disloyalty of the citizens in and around Nashville is confirmed by every arrival from the Cumberland. The difference in sentiment between the people along the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers is very marked. On the former there were many Unionists, but on the latter none have yet made their appearance.

Reports are current and credited here that Columbus has been evacuated and destroyed. The town was in flames last night.

OFFICIAL CONFIRMATION OF THE EVACUATION OF COLUMBUS—THE REBEL QUARTERS AND ARMY STORES DESTROYED.—WASHINGTON, March 2.—The following dispatch was received to-day from Commodore Foote, dated Cairo, March 1:—

"Lieut. Commanding Phelps, sent with a flag of truce to-day to Columbus, has this moment returned and reports that Columbus is being evacuated. He saw the rebels burning their winter quarters and removing their heavy guns on the bluffs; but the guns on the water batteries remain intact. He saw a large force of cavalry drawn up ostentatiously on the bluffs, but no infantry was to be seen as heretofore. The encampment seen in our armed reconnoissance a few days since, has been removed. Large fires were visible in the town of Columbus and upon the river banks below, indicating the destruction of the town, the military stores and equipments.

"Signed, A. H. FOOTE, Flag-officer."

It is believed here that our army has by this time occupied Columbus.

EXPEDITION UP THE TENNESSEE RIVER TO EASTPORT, MISS.—OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.—Dispatches were received at the Navy Department March 1, from Commodore Foote, enclosing a report from Lieut. Gwin, in which he says he returned to Cairo on the 23rd, after having gone up the Tennessee river in the gunboat Taylor as high as Eastport, Mississippi.

He is happy to state that he has met with an increased Union sentiment in south Tennessee and north Alabama. He saw a few Mississipians in Lardin, McMary, Wayne, and Decatur, and a portion of Hardiman, all of which border upon the river. The Union sentiment is strong, and those who do not express themselves openly loyal are only prevented by their fears of the military tyranny and coercion which is practiced by marauding bands of guerrilla companies of cavalry.

DEATH OF GEN. LANDER.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—Gen. Lander died this afternoon, at Pawpaw, Western Virginia, from the debilitating effects of his wound received at Edwards' Ferry. His body is on the way to this city, where his widow resides.

Gen. Shields succeeds Gen. Lander in command.

MARTINSBURG OCCUPIED.—CHARLESTOWN, VA., March 2.—The main body of General Banks's division rests in the vicinity of Charlestown. Martinsburg has been occupied by the U. S. troops.

THE War Department now refuses passes for the South, and declines to transmit letters.

COL. HITCHCOCK declines his appointment of Major General, on account of long continued ill health.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the steamship Arabia, at Halifax from Liverpool, we have later foreign news. In the British Parliament Earl Russell announced that the government had protested against the U. S. government permanently destroying any Southern harbors, and that Mr. Seward had responded that there was no such intention. The Paris Patrie points to the effort to get American cotton via Mexico, as a probable solution of the blockade question. It is believed in Paris that England will withdraw from the Mexican intervention, should France and Spain pervert its aim by interference in the internal policy of Mexico. It is said that the Archduke Maximilian will accept the throne of Mexico if offered to him. The U. S. gunboat Tuscarora was at Gibraltar, where the privateer Sumter also remained, short of coal. Cotton closed firmer, but prices unchanged; breadstuffs steady and provisions quiet.

HEMMING COTTON.

"Hem them in!" is the country's cry:
"See how the bayonet needles fly!
Nothing neglect and nothing leave,
Hem them in from the skirt to the sleeve.
Little they reck of scratch or hurt
Who toil at hemming the Southern shirt:
Little they'll care, as they shout aloud,
If the Southern shirt prove a Southern shroud.
Hurrah for the needles sharp and thin!
Cotton is saved by hemming it in."

—"*The Continental.*"

☞ Negroes in Missouri and Kentucky which sold readily in the fall of 1860 at prices ranging from $1,000 to $1,500 per head, are now a drug in the market at $300 to $400 each.

☞ The Kansas Legislature have changed the name of Breckinridge County in that State to Lyon, in honor of the gallant General of that name who fell at Springfield.

☞ As thorns are to the rose, so are pins to a lovely woman. A female in full dress is never unprotected.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.—The Cincinnati Enquirer says that the Illinois Constitutional Convention had before them the joint resolution of Congress of March, 1861, proposing the following amendment to the Constitution:—

Article 13.—"No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State."

The Convention adopted it by 89 to 23, every Republican member *voting in the negative.*

PRINCE ALBERT.

[Mr. Tennyson has prepared a new edition of his "Idyls of the King," chiefly, it would seem, with a view to publish the following dedication, written in the author's capacity as poet laureate, to the memory of the late Prince Consort:]

DEDICATION.

These to his memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—
These Idyls.

And, indeed, he seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
"Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only, and who clave to her"—
Her—over all her realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of his loss moved like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him; he is gone;
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions; nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flowers of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot: for where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A loveliter life, a more unstained than his?
Or how should England, dreaming of *his* sons,
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—
Far-sighted summoner of war and waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours—a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, through all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, oh, woman's heart, but still endure,
Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and left
The crown a lonely splendor.

May all love—
His love, unseen but felt—o'ershadow thee;
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER.

No foreigner, visiting this country, has comprehended the character of our people, or the spirit of our institutions, so well as De Tocqueville, whose great work, "Democracy in America," deserves the study of every American patriot and statesman. In looking over his Memoir, Letters, &c., we have been particularly pleased with some papers on American life, never before published, and we make an extract, showing his sharp observation of the character and habits of emigrants in the Western wilderness thirty years ago:—

On entering the log-house, the European looks around with wonder. In general there is but one window, before which sometimes hangs a muslin curtain; for here, in the absence of necessaries, you often meet with superfluities. On the hearth, made of hardened earth, a fire of resinous wood lights up the interior better than the sun. Over the rustic chimney are hung the trophies of war or of the chase; a long rifle, a doe-skin or eagle's feathers. On the right hangs a map of the United States, perpetually shaken by the wind that blows through the interstices of the walls. On a rough shelf near it are placed a few odd volumes, among them a Bible, the leaves and binding of which have been spoilt by the devotion of two generations, a Prayer Book, and sometimes one of Milton's poems or Shakspeare's plays. With their backs to the wall are placed some rude seats, the product of the owner's industry; chests instead of wardrobes, agricultural tools and specimens of the crop. In the middle of the room is an unsteady table, the legs of which, still covered with leaves, seem to have grown where they stand. Round this table the family assemble for their meals; on it is left an English china tea-pot, spoons, generally of wood, a few cracked cups, and some newspapers.

The appearance of the master of this dwelling is as remarkable as his abode. His sharp muscles and slender limbs show him at first glance to be a native of New England; his make indicates that he was not born in the desert. His first years were passed in the heart of an intellectual and cultivated society. Choice impelled him to the toilsome and savage life for which he does not seem intended. But if his physical strength seems unequal to the undertaking, on his features, furrowed by care, is seated an expression of practical intelligence, and of cold and persevering energy. His step is slow and measured; his speech deliberate, and his appearance austere. Habit, and still more pride, have given to his countenance a stoical rigidity, which is belied by his conduct. The pioneer despises (it is true) all that most violently agitates the hearts of men; his fortune or life will never hang on the turn of a die, or the smiles of a woman; but to obtain competence he has braved exile, solitude and the numberless ills of savage life; he has slept on the bare earth; he has exposed himself to the fever of the woods and the Indian's tomahawk. Many years ago he took the first step. He has never gone back; perhaps twenty years hence he will be going on without desponding or complaining. Can a man capable of such sacrifices be cold and insensible? Is he not influenced by a passion, not of the heart but of the brain, ardent, persevering and indomitable?

His whole energies concentrated into the desire to make his fortune, the emigrant at length succeeds in making for himself an entirely independent existence, into which even his domestic affections are absorbed. He may be said to look on his wife and children only as detached portions of himself. Deprived of habitual intercourse with his equals, he has learned to take pleasure in solitude. When you appear at the door of his lonely dwelling the pioneer steps forward to meet you; he holds out his hand in compliance with custom, but his countenance expresses neither kindness nor joy. He speaks only to question you, to gratify his intelligence, not his heart; and as soon as he has obtained from you the news he wants to hear he relapses into silence. One would take him for a man who, having been all day wearied by applicants and by the noise of the world, has retired home at night to rest. If you question him in turn, he will give you in a clear manner all the information you require; he will even provide for your wants, and will watch over your safety as long as you are under his roof; but in all that he does there is so much constraint and dryness; you perceive in him such utter indifference as to the result of your undertakings that your gratitude cools. Still the settler is hospitable in his way, but there is nothing genial in his hospitality, because, while he exercises it, he seems to submit to one of the painful necessities of the wilderness; it is to him a duty of his position, not a pleasure. This unknown person is the representative of a race to which belongs the future of the New World; a restless, speculating, adventurous race, that performs coldly feats which are usually the result of passionate enthusiasm; a nation of conquerors, who endure savage life without feeling its peculiar charms, value in civilized life only its material comforts and advantages, and bury themselves in the wilds of America, provided only with an axe and a file of newspapers. A mighty race, which, as is the case with all great nations, is governed by one idea, and directs its sole efforts to the acquisition of wealth, with a perseverance and contempt of life which might be termed heroic, if such a term could be applied to any but virtuous efforts. A migratory race, which neither rivers nor lakes can stop, before which the forest falls and the prairie becomes covered with foliage, and which, having reached the Pacific Ocean, will retrace its steps to disturb and to destroy the social communities it will have left behind.

In describing the settler one cannot forget the partner of his sufferings and perils. Look at the young woman who is sitting on the other side of the fire, with her youngest child in her lap, superintending the preparations for supper. Like this emigrant, this woman is in the prime of life; she also recollects an early youth of comfort. The remains of taste are still to be observed in her dress. But time has pressed hardly upon her; in her faded features and attenuated limbs, it is easy to see that life has to her been a heavy burden. And, indeed, this fragile creature has already been exposed to incredible suffering. At the very threshold of life, she had to tear herself from the tender care of her mother, from the sweet fraternal ties that a young girl can never leave without tears, even when she quits her home to share the luxurious dwelling of a young husband. The wife of the settler, torn at once and forever from the cradle of her childhood, had to exchange the charms of society and of the domestic circle for the solitude of the forest. Her marriage-bed was placed on the bare ground of the desert. To devote herself to austere duties, to submit to unknown privations, to enter on an existence for which she was not fitted; such has been the employment of her best years; such have been the delights of her married life. Destitution, suffering and hardship have weakened her delicate frame, but have not dismayed her courage. While deep sadness is painted on her chiselled features, it is easy to descry religious resignation, peace, and a simple, quiet fortitude, enabling her to bear all the ills of life without fearing or defying them.

Round this woman crowd the half-clothed children, glowing with health, careless of the morrow, true children of the wilderness. Their mother turns on them from time to time a mingled look of sadness and joy. Judging from their strength and her weakness, it would seem as if she had exhausted herself in giving them life, and without regretting the cost. The log-house consists of a single room, which shelters the whole family at night; it is a little world, an ark of civilization in the midst of a green ocean. A few steps off the everlasting forest extends its shades, and solitude again reigns.

HOMELY WOMEN.

For a homely—even an ugly man—I have no pity to spare. I never saw one so ugly yet that, if he had brains and a heart, he could not find a beautiful woman sensible enough to marry him. But for the hopelessly plain and homely sisters—"these tears!"—There is a class of women who know that they possess in their persons no attractions for men—that their faces are homely, that their frames are ill-formed, that their carriage is clumsy, and that, whatever may be their gifts of mind, no man can have the slightest desire to possess their persons. That there are compensations for these women, I have no doubt, but many of them fail to find them. Many of them feel that the sweetest sympathies of life must be repressed, and that there is a world of affection from which they must remain shut out forever. It is hard for a woman to feel that her person is not pleasing—harder than for a man to feel thus. I would tell why, if it were necessary—for there is a bundle of very interesting philosophy tied up in the matter—but I will content myself with stating the fact, and permitting my readers to reason about it as they will.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

☞ As Bad as War.—The late eruption of Vesuvius has deprived 24,000 people of bed, food and subsistence.

DR. AND MRS. SNARLS.

What a blunder! The name was really Sarles: but somewhow memory seemed to jog my pen into dropping a portmit-name instead. A less mistake has often converted the original Sarles into a real *snarl*.

Now don't think that the Doctor was an unmitigatedly bad man.

Far from it. He was a person of good intentions, generous impulses, agreeable in society, even to jollity, at times; and yet the friction of life seemed somehow to have worn into his character certain little roughnesses, to which daily cares, crosses, and vexations most readily clung. And I'm sorry to say that Mrs. S., though in most respects a very estimable woman, had, on the surface of her character some of those same little iron excrescences; and when the two bristling planes came into collision, the result was a jarring and grating altogether destitute of harmony.

On such occasions, impatience and tartness on one side, were sure to be met by censure and a sort of permeating sarcasm on the other. Retorts, which, like a pack of hounds, seemed to penetrate every corner and ambush of an already perturbed temper, searing up any stray small game of rebellion there into the immediate excitement of a chase, skirmish, and victory on one side or the other, for they had no drawn battles.

Then, the disparity of temperament between them was very unfortunate.

The Doctor was a man of mercurial temper, always in a bustle and hurry when busy at all; and "mother," as he called her when in tender moods, having a put-off-the-evil-day, plenty-of-time sort of temperament, which *could* not "hurry up," as she was so often and fervently exhorted to do.

Of course his "make haste" was as hard for her nature to bear, as her "well, when I can," was for his.

The following was a specimen scene of daily life:

"Doctor, won't you bring up some coal? Bettie has bruised her hand; dinner is not ready, and everything is in a great hurry."

"Oh, yes, of course something is wanting. I never yet sat down for a minute's rest, that I wasn't called up for something. Why couldn't you have told me before I sat down?"

"For the simple reason that I didn't know it was out then. I do wish you could do one favor for me without growling. If you had been over a hot fire all the morning, making sweetmeats, I think you'd need to 'sit down a minute,' more than you do now."

"The same old story. I wish you could try my work for one day. Riding in the broiling sun to see a dozen cross patients, and being wearied out with their long complaints; isn't play, I tell you; and I think you'd be glad of some quiet by the time you'd got around. It's bad enough to be scolded away from home without getting a lecture there too."

"I should like to know who's scolded? I asked you civilly to bring up some coal, and this is the obliging result. But you needn't come. I'll get it myself, and do all the rest; and if you get sick with such *hard work*, I'll nurse you besides."

And so the dialogue went on, till at times I was fain to shriek out, "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness," or, what would have been more appropriate, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Sometimes the breeze grew into a storm which spoiled a whole day; but oftener it only "blew up a squall," which, however violent, ended much sooner.

But God, who chastens us so gently, and teaches us so lovingly, sent them a monitor, whose voice was more potent, as sweeter to them, than an angel's could have been. Dear little Nattie! I often wonder if the glory now around his head can be brighter than the crown of golden curls he wore here.

He was a beautiful child, loving and thoughtful beyond his years; and these domestic discords seemed to hurt him like sharp pains. I have known him to stop his play, look like a grieving angel upon the scene, and at last cry out as if suffering from a sense of acute injury.

And the scene of one morning, whose early hours had been desecrated by one of these unfortunate dissensions, I shall never forget. It was at family worship—for the Doctor and his wife were church members, and often wept, no doubt sincerely, over their shortcomings—that the scene occurred.

Little Nattie, then three years old, nestled close by his mother, his dear young face clouded, and the reading began.

The chapter of the morning was the fourth of first John—that one so full of loving exhortation—and its spirit was in striking contrast to that of the previous scene.

Very soon I saw from Nattie's happier face that the sweet words were soothing him; and when his mother read, "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him"—full of joy, his face radiant, as if he had seen a glorious vision, the child stood upright upon the sofa beside her, and throwing his dimpled arms about her neck, exclaimed most earnestly—

"Mamma, that means Heaven, don't it? Nattie would like to go."

It was as if an angel had suddenly appeared above the family altar, and spoken directly to their souls. The mother clasped her infant ministrant to her heart; the father's hand covered his eyes; there was a moment of profound silence, and then, though the chapter was unfinished, the books were shut, and we knelt to pray.

What a prayer was that! Broken, sobbing, penitent, beseeching.

The speaker pleaded for daily grace, patience, meekness, and love, whose steadfastness should be beyond earth's reaching. I'm sure we all joined in the prayer, and rose stronger, though meekened.

Had his parents—they often asked themselves—"offended this little one," now their only one, and made him long for the peaceful loving Heaven, as an escape from the discordant home?

The thought came to them with many a pang, and as I afterwards knew, shadowed by another prophetic one. Alas! the cup which they dreaded *was* given them to drink. When the golden grains of autumn were garnered, and the beautiful fruits stored away, little Nattie went smiling with the Cherubim and Seraphim over the river and through the gate into the glorious City; into the full possession of that *love* which his infant soul had coveted.

When they placed the pure, hope-speaking lilies of the valley in his little cold hand, his weeping father said:—"Oh, to think we must lay him—beautiful angel!—away in the lonely churchyard." "Not there," sobbed the broken-hearted mother, "but here, in the garden-plot he loved best: where the shining head-stone which points us to his home, may preach to us hourly of how they dwell who abide in the place where 'Nattie would like to go.'"

Dear Christian parents, are there any "little Nattie" records hidden away in your hearts? Any memories of impatience, harsh words, or unkindness to loved ones? Do not add to the sad store. But think, though there be no shining headstone in your garden "preaching to you, that there is One who though wearing the diadem of the universe, condescends to notice and care how you walk; that there is a radiant finger pointing out of Heaven to you, and a message falling hourly from His lips to you: "Love one another"—"Bear ye one another's burdens"—"Be ye kindly affectioned one to another."—A. C. S., *in N. Y. Observer.*

CONSTRUCTION OF CHIMNEYS.

There are few subjects more important to all classes of the community, than the construction of chimneys. A smoky chimney is generally considered a nuisance, the discomfort of which in a household is exceeded only by a scolding wife. The above cut with the accompanying article, which lately appeared in the Scientific American, furnishes a simple and clear illustration of the principles on which the draft of chimneys depends. We copy the following description:—

Chimneys are frequently built in log houses on the plan of Fig. 1. The fire being built upon the hearth, it has abundance of room to enter the chimney at the flue, F, but the hole at the top being small, compared with the flue, F, there is no room for the warm air and smoke to get out of the way of the cold air rushing in below, and it will be continually puffing out into the room.

On the other hand, if the plan be reversed, as in Fig. 2, and the chimney increases in size upward, from the flue to the top, the draught will be excessive, and the greater part of the heat will go up the chimney, as in an air furnace.

A medium between these two plans, at Fig. 3, will create a regular and not excessive draught.

In Fig. 3, the flue is (as it should be) the smallest place in the chimney. In ascending from the flue upward, in the course of about one foot the chimney should widen, or rather deepen off to about two and a half times the width of the flue. If we suppose the flue to be four inches, in ascending one foot, the distance from the inside of the front at B, to inside of the back at A, should be sixteen inches; and then if we suppose the width of the fire-place to be three feet, the calibre of the chimney on the inside at A B, will be 96 square inches.

And the calibre should not be less at any point above than at A B. There will be room for all the smoke which enters the flue to pass upward without impediment.

The chimney may be brought into a different shape, so as to make it appear well at the top, but still the number of square inches in the calibre should not be lessened. Thus in the case of the chimney, supposed to be 300 square inches at A B, in Fig. 3, it may be sixteen inches by twenty-four in the inside at the top, or 384 square inches—a not unusual size of chimney tops.

On the other hand, if there be any curvatures or projections which impede the smoke in its passage upward, as in Fig. 4 at A, such circumstances will have a tendency to prevent the proper draught of smoke, especially in bad weather.

Anecdote of the Late Prince Consort.—A touching anecdote relative to the Prince Consort is related:—A short time since becoming possessed of a beautiful marble statuette of the boy-King Edward VI., he had it stationed somewhat conspicuously at the top of one of the grand staircases. In the hand of the royal child was a sceptre, and it was so placed in that hand as to point to the representation of a Bible, and at that passage indicated as follows:—2 Chron. xxxiv., verses 1 and 2. The words, exquisite in their simplicity, and written by the finger of God Himself, are these:—"Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem one-and-thirty years. And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David his father, and declined neither to the right hand nor to the left."

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Now, fold away thy raiment,
My little maiden fair,
And, parting from thy forehead
The curls of yellow hair,
I'll tie the white cap closely
Round the pearly cheek and chin;
Old prints, of German masters,
I have seen such pictures in.

Now, clasp thy hands together,
My little maiden mild,
And ask the great All-Father
To bless His little child;
And, on thy home, a blessing,
Now all the world to thee;
And this, thy world's cathedral
Beside thy mother's knee.

Now, turn the soft sheet over,
Lay thy white limbs to rest,
While I fold the fringed cover,
Up lightly o'er thy breast.
No silken curtains round thee
Shut out the falling night,
The starlight, through the elm trees,
Nor morning's blessed light!

There is a robin cometh
At breaking of the day,
And sings his morning anthem,
Swinging that leafy spray;
So, hushed by love at evening,
And waked at morn by praise,
A golden ring encloseth
The circle of thy days.

GOING INTO BATTLE.

You have often wondered whether the men wear their overcoats, knapsacks, haversacks, and carry their blankets, when going into battle. That depends upon circumstances.—Sometimes, when they are marching, they find themselves in battle almost before they know it. I remember that on the 18th of July, three days before the battle at Bull Run, some regiments of the army were marching towards Mitchel's Ford, a fording-place on Bull Run, when suddenly the enemy fired upon them, and the men had to fight just as they were, only a great many threw down their coats and blankets and haversacks, so that they could fight freely and easily. You also wonder whether the regiments fire regularly in volleys, or whether each man fires as fast as he can. That also, depends upon circumstances, but usually, except when the enemy is near at hand, the regiments fire only at the command of their officers. You hear a drop, drop, drop, as a few of the skirmishers fire, followed by a rattle and roll, which sounds like the falling of a building, just as some of you have heard the brick walls tumble at a great fire.

Sometimes, when a body of the enemy's cavalry are sweeping down upon a regiment to cut it to pieces, the men form in a square, with the officers and musicians in the centre. The front rank stands with bayonets charged, while the second rank fires as fast as it can.—Sometimes they fire in four ranks deep, the two front ones kneeling with their bayonets charged, so that if the enemy should come upon them, they would run against a picket-fence of bayonets. When they form in this way, the other two ranks load and fire as fast as they can. Then the roar is terrific, and many a horse and his rider goes down before the terrible storm of iron hail.

HOW TO TELL THE AGE OF A LADY.

All our readers are aware that to ask a lady her age is equivalent to a declaration of war. We have always looked upon it as such;—still we have an irresistible desire to know the age of some young ladies, but, bless their souls! we would not ask them for the world. We have at length come across a method by which the sweet ones may be made to divulge the great secret without knowing what they are about; and thus young gentlemen can learn whether they are paying their devoirs to seventeen or thirty. The following table will do it. Just hand this table to the lady, and request her to tell in which columns her age is contained. Add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found, and you have the great secret.

Thus, suppose her age to be seventeen. You will find the number seventeen in two columns, viz: the first and fifth, and the top figures make seventeen. (It is proper to state to the reader, that this table will not indicate the age of *any young* lady or gentleman above sixty-three.)

Here is the magic table:—

1	2	4	8	16	32
2	3	5	9	17	33
3	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	43	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

☞ Ralph Waldo Emerson thinks that the American Eagle will come out of the war much less of a peacock. We shall be more natural, more simple in our lives and habits, truer, wiser, and therefore happier.

THE HORSE-HAIR.

In Professor Agassiz's interesting paper on "Methods of Study in Natural History," the second of the series in the Atlantic Monthly, we find this anecdote of an animal known to almost all country boys:—

A gentleman from Detroit had had the kindness to send me one of those long, thread-like worms (*Gordius*) found often in brooks, and called horse hair by the common people. When I first received it, was coiled up in a close roll at the bottom of the bottle, filled with fresh water, that contained it, and looked more like a little tangle of black sewing silk than anything else. Wishing to unwind it, that I might examine its entire length, I placed it in a large china basin filled with water, and proceeded very gently to disentangle its coils, when I perceived that the animal had twisted itself around a bundle of its eggs, holding them fast in a close embrace. In the process of unwinding, the eggs dropped away and floated to a little distance. Having finally stretched it out to its full length, perhaps half a yard, I sat watching to see if this singular being that looked like a long, black thread in the water, would give any signs of life. Almost immediately it moved towards the bundle of eggs, and, having reached it, began to sew itself through and through the little white mass, passing one end of its body through it, and then returning to make another stitch, as it were, till the eggs were at last completely entangled again in an intricate net-work of coils. It seemed to me almost impossible that this care of offspring could be the result of any instinct of affection in a creature of so low an organization, and I again separated it from the eggs, and placed them at a greater distance, when the same action was repeated.

On trying the experiment a third time, the bundle of eggs had become loosened, and a few of them dropped off singly into the water. The efforts which the animal then made to recover the missing ones, winding itself round and round them, but failing to bring them into the fold with the rest, because they were too small, and evaded all efforts to secure them, when once parted from the first little compact mass, convinced me that there was a definite purpose in its attempt, and that even a being so low in the scale of animal existence has some dim consciousness of a relation to its offspring. I afterwards unwound also the mass of eggs, which, when coiled up as I first saw it, made a roll of white substance about the size of a coffee-bean, and found that it consisted of a string of eggs, measuring more than twelve feet in length, the eggs being held together by some gelatinous substance that cemented them and prevented them from falling apart. Cutting this string across, and placing a small section under the microscope, I counted on one surface of such a cut from seventy to seventy-five eggs; and estimating the entire number of eggs according to the number contained on such a surface, I found that there were not less than eight millions of eggs in the whole string.

Fruitful Death.—One of these watchers for seals in Labrador, a woman, had observed a monster seal for some hours; and, feeling assured the hole had frozen so that she could reach the spot before the seal could bore through the ice, she ran forward, dart in hand; but observing her movements, the animal was on his head in a moment and turning round like a spin-top. The poor Esquimaux hastened up and plunged the dart through the seal's skin, but unfortunately he had just finished boring, and down he went, with the dart firmly fixed in his hide. The act was so sudden the poor creature had no time to disengage the cord round her waist, and was drawn across the hole with such frightful force that she was doubled up as it were in a funnel, without the power of moving, the seal acting as a dead weight on her body. When her companions came up, they had the sickening sight of beholding her broken corpse, attached to which was the monster seal, still plunging for liberty. After much toil they disentangled the corpse, and killed the animal—a sorry recompense for the loss of a sister.—*Recollections of Labrador Life.*

Lesson for Clergymen.—A clergyman, while composing a sermon, made use of the words "ostentatious man." Throwing down his pen, he wished to satisfy himself before he proceeded as to whether a great portion of his congregation might comprehend the meaning of these words, and he adopted the following method of proof. Ringing the bell his footman appeared, and he was thus addressed by his master:—"What do you conceive to be implied by an ostentatious man?" "An ostentatious man, sir," said Thomas, "why, sir, I should say a perfect gentleman." "Very good," observed the vicar; "send Ellis (the coachman) here. Ellis," said the vicar, "what do you imagine an ostentatious man to be?" "An ostentatious man, sir," replied Ellis, "why, I should say an ostentatious man means what we calls (saving your presence) a very jolly fellow." It is hardly necessary to add that the vicar substituted a less ambiguous word.

An Esquimaux Rifleman.—As we were in the open country, and there was no tangible object to shoot at, he made a circle in the snow of about two feet in diameter, then, stepping in the centre, raised his gun perpendicular from the shoulder, and fired in the air. After firing he stepped out of the ring, and in a few seconds, to my astonishment, the bullet came down within the circle he had made. He coolly remarked, "We want no targets to fire at," and if a man can hold his musket with that precision as to cause the ball to return just where he stands, what need has he of a butt? But the principal reason why they thus test their shooting is an economic one. Not always being able to get bullets, they are chary of firing them away, and I have no doubt it is for the same reason that so many savage people have the "boomerang," or return missile.—*Recollections of Labrador Life by Lambert De Boilieu.*

THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain—
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air—
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead:
We see them—visions strange—amid the Nevermore.

The merry song some maidens used to sing—
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay cold; to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long-faded land—the realm of Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer,
People that happy land, the realm of Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land,
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand.
What realm lies forward, with its happy store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar:
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge,
One moment—and we breathe within the Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carollings soar.
Eternal peace have they:
God wipes their tears away:
They drink that river of life which flows for Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But lo, the wide wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lighted hearts shall know
The life of long ago:
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for Evermore.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FIRST WALK IN THE CITY.

While pretending to be absorbed in eagerness to respond to the eager politeness of his host, the Canadian attentively examined the interior of the house in which he was, in order to form an idea of the other residences in the city; for he justly assumed that all must be built almost after the same plan.

The room in which Atoyac received his guests was a large, square apartment, whose whitewashed walls were decorated with human scalps, and a row of weapons, kept in a state of extreme cleanliness. Jaguar and ocelot skins, zarapes and fresades were piled up on a sort of large chests, in all probability intended to serve as beds. Butaccas and other wooden seats, excessively low, composed the furniture of the room, in the centre of which stood a table rising not more than ten inches from the ground.

These simple arrangements are found almost identical, by the way, in almost all Indian *callis*, which are usually composed of six rooms. The first is the one we have just described; it is the ordinary living room of the family. The second is intended for the children; the third is the sleeping room. The fourth contains the looms for weaving zarapes, which the Indians work with inimitable skill. These looms, made of bamboo, are admirable for the simplicity of their mechanism.

The fifth contains provisions for the rainy season, the period when hunting becomes impossible; while the sixth, or last, is set aside for the slaves. As for the kitchen, there is really none; for the food is prepared in the *corral*, that is to say, in the open air.—Chimneys are equally unknown, and each room is warmed by means of large earthen brasiers.

The internal arrangements of the *calli* are entrusted to the slaves, who work under the immediate superintendence of the mistress of the house. These slaves are not all savages. The Indians completely requite the whites for the misfortunes they deal them. Many wretched Spaniards, captured in war, or victims to the ambuscades the Redskins incessantly lay for them, are condemned to the hardest servitude.

The fate of these unhappy beings is even more sad than that of their companions in slavery, for they have no prospect of being set at liberty some day; they must, on the contrary, expect to perish sooner or later, the victims of the hatred of their cruel masters, who pitilessly avenge on them the numberless annoyances they have themselves endured under the tyrannical and brutalizing system of the Spanish Government.

Hence, under the pressure of this hard captivity a man may truly apply to himself the despairing word writ up by the divine Dante Alighieri over the gates of his Inferno, *Lasciate ogni speranza.*

Atoyac, to whom chance had so providentially guided the Canadian, was one of the most respected Sachems of the warriors of Quiepas Tani. In his youth, he had lived long among the Europeans, and the great experience he had acquired, while traversing countries remote from his tribe, had expanded his intellect, extinguished in him certain caste prejudices, and rendered him more sociable and civil than the majority of his countrymen.

While drinking his pulque in small sips, as the gourmand should do who appreciates at its just value the beverage he is imbibing, he conversed with the hunter, and gradually, either through the influence of the pulque, or the instinctive confidence the Canadian inspired him with, he became more communicative. As always happens under such circumstances, he began with his own affairs, and narrated them in their fullest detail to the hunter. He told him he was father of four sons, renowned warriors, whose greatest delight it was to invade the Spanish territory, burn the haciendas, destroy the crops, and carry off prisoners; next he related to him the travels he had made, and seemed anxious to prove to Two Rabbits that his courage as a warrior, his experience, and military virtues, did not forbid him recognizing all there was noble and respectable in science; he even insinuated that, although a Sachem, he did not disdain, at times, to study simples, and investigate the secrets of the great medicine, with which the Wacondah, in his supreme goodness, had endowed certain chosen men for the relief of the whole of humanity.

Marksman affected to be deeply touched by the consideration the powerful Sachem, Atoyac, evinced for the sacred character with which he was invested, and resolved in his heart to profit by his host's good feeling toward him to sound him adroitly about what he was so anxious to know, that is, the state in which the maidens were, and in what part of the city they were shut up.

As, however, Indian suspicions can be very easily aroused, and it was necessary to employ the greatest patience, the hunter did not allow his intentions to be in any way divined, and waited patiently.

The conversation had gradually become general; still, more than an hour had already elapsed, and in spite of all his efforts, aided by those of Flying Eagle, the hunter had not yet succeeded in approaching the subject he had at heart, when an Indian presented himself in the doorway.

"The Wacondah rejoices," the new comer said, with a respectful bow. "I have a message for my father."

"My son is welcome," the Chief answered; "my ears are open."

"The great council of the Sachems of the nation is assembled," the Indian said; "they only await my father Atoyac."

"What is there new, then?"

"Red Wolf has arrived with his warriors. His heart is filled with bitterness. He wishes to speak to the council. Addick accompanies him."

Flying Eagle and the hunter exchanged a glance.

"Red Wolf and Addick returned!" Atoyac exclaimed, with amazement. "That is strange! What can have brought them back so soon, and together, too?"

"I know not; but they entered the city hardly an hour ago."

"Did Red Wolf command the warriors who arrived this morning?"

"Himself. My father could not have seen him when he passed by here. What shall I answer the Chief?"

"That I am coming to the council."

The Indian bowed and went away. The old man rose with ill-concealed agitation, and prepared to go out. Flying Eagle stopped him.

"My father is affected," he said; "there is a cloud on his mind."

"Yes," the Chief answered, frankly, "I am sad."

"What can trouble my father, then?"

"Brother," the old Chief said, bitterly, "many moons have passed since the last visit paid by you to Quiepas Tani."

"Man is only the plaything of circumstances; he can never do what he has projected."

"That is true. Perhaps it would have been better for you and for us, had you not remained away so long."

"Often, often I had the desire to come; but a fatality always prevented me."

"Yes, it must be so; were it not for that, we should have seen you. Many things that have happened would not have occurred."

"What do you mean?"

"It would be too long to explain to you, and I have no time to do so at this moment; I must proceed to the council, where I am awaited. Suffice it for you to know that for some time an evil genius has breathed a spirit of discord among the Sachems of the great council. Two men have succeeded in obtaining a dangerous influence over the deliberations, and forcing their ideas and wishes upon all the chiefs."

"And these men, who are they?"

"You know them only too well."

"But what are their names?"

"Red Wolf and Addick."

"Wah!" Flying Eagle said. "Take care; the ambition of those men may, if you do not pay attention, bring great misfortunes on your heads."

"I know it; but can I prevent it? Am I, alone, strong enough to combat their influence, and cause the propositions to be rejected which they impose on the council?"

"That is true," the Comanche answered thoughtfully; "but how to prevent it?"

"There would be a way, perhaps," Atoyac said, in an insinuating voice, after a short silence.

"What?"

"It is very simple. Flying Eagle is one of the first and most renowned Sachems of his nation."

"Well?"

"As such he has a right, I believe, to sit in the council?"

"He has."

"Why does not he go there, then?"

Flying Eagle turned an inquiring glance on the hunter, who was listening to this conversation with an apathetic face, though his heart was ready to burst; for he guessed, by a species of presentiment, that in this council questions of the highest importance to him would be discussed. From the Chief's dumb inquiry he understood that if he remained longer a stranger to the discussion, he would appear, in his host's eyes, to display an indifference toward the welfare of the city, which the latter might take in ill part.

"Were I so great a Chief as Flying Eagle," he said, "I should not hesitate to present myself at the council. Here the interests of one nation or the other are not discussed; but vital questions often arise, affecting the welfare of the red race generally. To abstain, under such circumstances, would, in my opinion, be giving the enemies of order and tranquillity in the city a proof of weakness, by which they would, doubtless, profit to insure the success of their anarchical projects."

"Do you believe so?" Flying Eagle remarked, with feigned hesitation.

"My brother, Two Rabbits, has spoken well," Atoyac said, eagerly. "He is a wise man. My brother must follow his advice, and with the more reason, because his presence here is known to everybody, and his absence from the council would certainly produce a very evil effect."

"As it is so," the Comanche answered, "I can no longer resist your wish; I am ready to follow you."

"Yes," the hunter added, meaningly, "go to the council; perhaps your unexpected presence will suffice to overthrow certain projects, and prevent great misfortunes."

"I will behave in such a manner as to overawe our enemies," the Comanche answered, evasively, who, while feigning to address these words to his host, really intended them for the hunter.

"Let us go," said Atoyac.

Flying Eagle bowed silently, and they went forth.

The hunter remained alone in the *calli* with the two women. The Pigeon, during the previous conversation, had been busy talking in a low voice with Eglantine. Almost immediately after the departure of the two warriors, the woman rose and prepared to go out. Eglantine, without saying a word, laid her finger on her lip, and looked at the hunter. He wrapped himself in his buffalo robe, and addressed Atoyac's wife.

"I do not wish to trouble my sister," he said, "while the chiefs are in council, I will take a walk, and examine, with greater attention, the magnificent Temple, of which I only had a glimpse on coming here."

"My father is right," she answered; "the more so as Eglantine and myself have also to go out, and we should have been compelled to leave my father alone in the *calli*."

Eglantine smiled softly as she nodded to the hunter.

The latter, suspecting that Flying Eagle's squaw had discovered the retreat of the maidens during the conversation with her friend, and that the desire she evinced to get rid of him, had no other design but to obtain more ample information about them, made not the slightest objection, and walked slowly out of the *calli*, with all the majesty and importance of the wise personage he represented.

Besides, the Canadian was not sorry to be alone for a little while, that he might reflect on the means he should employ to approach the two maidens, which it seemed to him by no means easy to manage. On the other hand, he intended to employ the liberty left him in taking a turn round the city, and obtaining all the topographical knowledge he needed.

Not knowing in what way his stay in the city would terminate, and how he should leave it again, he, at all risks, carefully studied the plan of the streets and buildings, from the double point of view of an attack or an escape.

The hunter had assumed such a mask of placidity and indifference; his questions were asked with so nonchalant an air, that not one of those he addressed dreamed for a moment of suspecting him; and, as always happens, he succeeded in obtaining—thanks to his skill—remarkably precious details about the weak points in the city—how it was possible to enter and leave it after the closing of the gates, and other equally valuable information, which the hunter carefully classified in his mind, and which he resolved to put to good use, when the moment arrived.

In Quiepas Tani there are a good many unoccupied persons, who spend their lives in wandering about, a prey to an incurable *ennui*. It was with these people the hunter formed an acquaintance during his lengthened walk round the city, listening with the greatest patience to their prolix and tedious narrations, when, certain of having drawn from them all he could, he left them, to begin the same scheme a little further on with others.

Marksman remained away for three hours. When he returned to the *calli*, Atoyac and Flying Eagle had not come back; but the two women, seated on mats, were conversing with a certain degree of animation.

On seeing him, Eglantine gave him an intelligent glance. The hunter fell back on a butacca, drew out his pipe, and began smoking. After exchanging a dumb bow with the pretended medicine man, the women again resumed their palaver."

"So," Eglantine said, "the prisoners taken from the whites are brought here!"

"Yes," the Pigeon answered.

"That surprises me," the young woman continued; "for it would be only necessary for one of them to escape, and the exact situation of the city would be revealed to the Gachupinos, who would soon appear in the place."

"That is true; but my sister is ignorant that no one escapes from Quiepas Tani."

Eglantine bowed her head with an air of doubt.

"Och!" she said, "the whites are very crafty; still, it is certain that the two young pale maidens we have just seen will not escape—they are too well guarded for that. I do not know why, but I feel a great pity for them."

"It is the same with me, poor children! So young, so gentle, so pretty; separated eternally from all those who are dear to them. Their fate is frightful!"

"Oh, very frightful! But what is to be done? They belong to Addick; that Chief will never consent to restore them to liberty."

"We will go and see them again; shall we not, my sister?"

"To-morrow, if you will."

"Thanks; that will render us very happy, I assure you."

The last words especially struck the hunter.

At the sudden revelation made to him, Marksman felt such an emotion, that he needed all his strength and self-command to prevent the Pigeon noticing his confusion.

At this moment, Atoyac and Flying Eagle appeared. Their features were animated, and they seemed in a state of rage, the more terrible, because it was suppressed.

Atoyac walked straight to the hunter, who had risen to receive him. On noticing the animation depicted on the Indian's face, Marksman thought that he had plainly discovered something concerning himself, and it was not without some suspicion that he awaited the communication his host seemed anxious to make to him.

"Is my father really an adept of the great medicine?" Atoyac asked, fixing a searching glance on him.

"Did I not tell my brother so?" the hunter answered, who began to feel himself seriously threatened, and looked inquiringly at Flying Eagle.

The latter smiled.

The Canadian reassured himself a little; it was plain that, if he saw any danger, the Comanche would not be so calm.

"Let my brother come with me, then, and bring with him the instruments of his art," Atoyac exclaimed.

It would not have been prudent to decline this invitation, though rather roughly given; besides, nothing proved to him that his host entertained evil designs against him. The hunter, therefore, accepted.

"Let my brother walk in front; I will follow him," he contented himself with answering.

"Does my brother speak the tongue of the barbarous Gachupinos?"

"My nation lives near the boundless Salt Lake. The palefaces are our neighbors; I understand, and speak slightly, the tongue they employ."

"All the better."

"Have I to cure a paleface?" the Canadian inquired, anxious to know what was wanted of him.

"No," Atoyac replied. "One of the great Apache chiefs brought hither, some moons back, two women of the palefaces. They are ill; the evil spirit has entered into them, and at this moment Death is spreading his wings over the couch on which they repose."

Marksman shuddered at these unexpected news; his heart almost broke; an involuntary tremor passed over his limbs; he required a superhuman effort to overcome the deep emotion he felt, and to reply to Atoyac, in a calm voice,—

"I am at my brother's orders, as my duty commands."

"Let us go, then," the Indian answered.

Marksman took his box of medicaments, placed it cautiously under his arm, left the *calli* at the heels of the Sachem, and both proceeded hastily towards the palace of the Vestals, accompanied, or, more correctly speaking, watched at a distance, by Flying Eagle, who followed in their footsteps, not once letting them out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EXPLANATORY.

We are now compelled to go back a little way, in order to clear up certain facts which necessarily remained in the shade, and which it is urgent for the reader to know.

We have related how Don Estevan, Addick, and Red Wolf easily came to an understanding, in order to obtain a common vengeance.

But, as generally happens in all treaties, each having begun by stipulating for his private advantage, it fell out that Don Estevan was about to reap the least profit from the partnership.

Few whites can rival the Redskins in craft and diplomacy. The Indians, like all conquered peoples, bowed so long beneath a brutalizing yoke, retained only one weapon, which is often deadly, however, by means of which they contend most with success against their fortunate adversaries.

This weapon is cunning—the arm of cowards and the weak, the defence of slaves against their masters.

The conditions offered by the two Indian Chiefs to Don Estevan were clear and precise. The Chiefs, by means of the warriors they had at their disposal, would help the Mexican in seizing and avenging himself on his enemies, inflicting on them any punishment he thought proper; in return, Don Estevan would make over his niece and the other maiden, now prisoners at Quiepas Tani, to the Chiefs, who would do to them what they pleased, Don Estevan giving up all right of interference with them.

These conditions being well and duly defined, the Indian Chief set to work in fulfilling the clauses of the treaty as quickly as possible.

Red Wolf had a hatred for the two hunters, and Don Miguel, which was the more inveterate, because he had been conquered in the various encounters he had with the three men. He therefore eagerly seized the opportunity that offered to take his revenge, believing certain this time of repaying his abhorred enemies all the humiliation they had inflicted on him, and the ill they had done him.

In less than four days, Addick and Red Wolf succeeded in collecting a band of nearly one hundred and fifty picked warriors—obstinate enemies for the whites, and to whom the coming expedition was a real party of pleasure.

When Don Estevan saw himself at the head of so large and resolute a band, his heart dilated with joy, and he felt himself ensured of success; for what could Don Miguel attempt with the few men he had at his disposal?

The road was long, almost impracticable. To reach Quiepas Tani, it was necessary to cross abrupt mountains, virgin forests, and immense deserts; and even supposing the Gambusinos succeeded in overcoming these seemingly insurmountable difficulties, when they arrived before the city, what could they do? Would they, scarce thirty at most, attempt to take by assault a city of nearly 20,000 souls, defended by strong walls, surrounded by a wide moat, and containing 8,000 picked men, the most renowned warriors of all the Indian nations, specially entrusted with the defence of the sacred city, and who would, without any hesitation, fall to the last man, sooner than surrender? Such a supposition was absurd; hence Don Estevan dismissed it so soon as it occurred to him.

The first care of the Indian Chiefs was to learn in what direction their enemies were. Unfortunately for the Redskins, the arrangements made by the hunters were so adroit, that they were compelled to follow their enemy on three different trails, and break up their war party, if they wished to watch the Gambusinos on all sides.

This was the first occasion of a dissension between the three associates. Addick and Red Wolf, when the question of a separation arose, naturally wished each to take the command of a body, an arrangement which displeased Don Estevan, and to which he would not at all consent, remarking, with some degree of justice, that in the affair they had in hand everything depended on the Chiefs; that the warriors had nothing to do but watch the movements of their enemy, while they, the Chiefs, must remain together, in order to arrange the necessary combinations in their plans, and be enabled to act with vigor when the occasion presented itself.

The truth was, that Don Estevan, forced by circumstances into an alliance with the two Sachems, had not the slightest confidence in his honorable associates. He despised them as much as he was despised by them, and felt certain that, if he allowed them to leave him, under any pretence, he should never see them again; that they would desert him on the prairie, remorselessly leaving him to get out of the dilemma in the best way he could.

The Indians perfectly understood their partner's thoughts, but, far too cunning to let him see they had read them, they pretended to admit the reasons he gave them, and recognize their correctness. The Chiefs, therefore, remained together and pushed on, only accompanied by twenty men, and having divided the others into two bands, to watch the Gambusinos.

Don Estevan was eager to reach Quiepas Tani, in order to remove the maidens from the city, and have them in his hands, in order, by their presence, to stimulate the ardor of his allies.

They set out. A singular thing then happened. Six detachments of warriors were following each other's trail for more than a month, each marching in the footsteps of the previous one, and not suspecting that it was in its turn followed by another.

Matters went on thus without leading to any encounter until the night when Domingo disappeared in the virgin forest. This is how it happened.

Marksman had well judged the Gambusino, when suspecting him to be capable of treachery. That is why he requested he should be left with him, that he might watch him with greater care.

Unfortunately, since the departure from the ford of the Rubio, in spite of the incessant watchfulness kept up by Marksman, he had never detected in the Gambusino the slightest doubtful movement which would corroborate his suspicions, or convert them into certainty. Domingo did his duty with apparent honesty and frankness. When they reached the bivouac, the little arrangements for the night were made; and the meal over, the Gambusino was one of the first to roll himself in his zarape, lie down, and go to sleep from alleged weariness.

In short, the bandit managed to behave so cleverly, and to mask his baseness, that the hunter, clever as he was, was taken in. Gradually his vigilance relaxed, his distrust went to sleep, and, though not reckoning greatly on the Gambusino's fidelity, he ceased looking after him incessantly, as he did during the first days. And then they had covered a great deal of ground during the past month; the hunters were in a completely unknown country; hence it was not presumable that the Gambusino, almost new to desert life, would venture to desert the people with whom he was, and risk wandering alone in the desert, where he would have every chance of dying of hunger in a few days.

This merely proved one fact, that Marksman, in spite of all his cleverness, did not know the man with whom he had to deal, and did not suspect the tenacity of purpose which forms the backbone of the Mexican character.

Domingo hated the hunter because he had unmasked him, and with the patience that characterizes the race to which he belonged, he awaited the opportunity for vengeance, feeling certain, by the force of events, that it must present itself from one day to the other.

In the meanwhile, he looked and listened. The hunters did not hesitate to speak before him, for the reason that Marksman would, in that case, have been obliged to tell his companions the suspicions he entertained of the Gambusino, a thing that his innate loyalty prevented him doing. Thus Domingo had profited by the opportunity to learn all the details of the expedition of which he was an involuntary member—details he intended to tell as clearly as possible to the person they interested most, so soon as chance brought them together.

On the evening when Marksman discovered that trail which troubled him so greatly, Domingo, while foraging about on his own account, found something which he carefully avoided showing his comrades.

It was no other than a tobacco pouch of small dimensions, richly ornamented with gold embroidery, such as rich Mexicans usually carry.

Domingo very well recollected having seen it in Don Estevan's hand. The pouch must, then, have been lost by him. For the present he hid it in his bosom, intending to examine it more at his leisure, when he did not fear any surprise from his companions.

Flying Eagle followed the trail, as we have seen, and his friends, after lighting the fire, preparing the meal, and eating a few mouthfuls, waited his return.

The day had been fatiguing; the Indian's return was deferred; Marksman and Don Mariano, after conversing for a long time, felt their eyelids weighed down and gently close; in short, they yielded to their fatigue, lay down, and were soon buried in a deep sleep. As for Domingo, he had been sleeping for an hour, as if he never intended to wake again.

A singular thing happened, however. Don Mariano and Marksman had scarce closed their eyes, ere the Gambusino opened his eyes, and that so freshly, that everything led to the belief that he had not been to sleep at all, and never felt more wakeful than at the present moment.

He looked suspiciously around, and remained for some time motionless; but, after a few moments, reassured by the gentle and regular breathing of his companions, he sat up gently. He hesitated for several moments, but then took the tobacco pouch from the place where he had concealed it, and examined it with the closest attention.

This pouch had scarcely anything to distinguish it from others; but one circumstance struck the hunter: the pouch was nearly half full of tobacco, and that tobacco was fresh. Hence it could not have been long lost by Don Estevan—a few hours, at the most. If they were so, as there was every reason to assume, Don Estevan could not be far off, and must be a league, or at the most two, from their bivouac.

This reasoning was logical; hence the Gambusino drew from it the conclusion that the opportunity he had been waiting for so long had at length arrived, and he must seize it at all risks.

This conclusion once admitted, the rest can be easily understood. The Gambusino rose, glided like a snake into the underwood, and went off in search of Don Estevan.

Accident is the master of the world; it regulates matters at its will; its combinations are at times so strange, that it seems to take a malignant pleasure in making the most odious plans succeed, contrary to all expectations. This is what happened in the present case.

The Gambusino had not been wandering about the forest for more than an hour, groping his way as well as he could in the dark, which enwrapped him like a shroud, when he arrived, at the moment he least expected it, in sight of a fire lighted on the extreme verge of the forest. He walked at once towards the brilliant flame he had noticed, instinctively persuaded that near the *brasero*, which served him as a beacon, he should find the man he was looking for.

His presentiments had not deceived him. The camp towards which he was proceeding was really that of Don Estevan and his allies, who, we must allow, did not believe themselves so near their enemies. Had they done so, they would have indubitably employed all the precautions usual in the desert to conceal their presence.

The sudden appearance of the Gambusino in the circle illumined by the fire was a perfect tableau. The Indians and Don Estevan himself were so far from expecting the man's arrival, that there was a moment of fearful confusion, during which the Gambusino was seized, thrown down, and bound, ere he had time to utter a syllable in his defence.

The warriors seized their arms, and scattered about the neighborhood, in order to assure themselves that the man who had so suddenly come among them was alone, and they had nothing to fear.

At length the alarm gradually cooled down; they felt easier, and thought about questioning the prisoner. This was what the latter desired, and which he earnestly requested, ever since he had been so roughly pounced on. He was led into the presence of the three Chiefs, and at once recognized by Don Estevan.

"Eh!" the latter said, with a grin. "It is my worthy friend, Domingo. What on earth brings you here, my fine fellow?"

"You shall learn, for I have merely come to do you a service," the bandit answered, with his usual effrontery. "I should be obliged, though, by your having me untied, if it is possible. These cords cut into my flesh, and cause me such suffering, that I shall be unable to utter a word till I have got rid of them."

When the bandit's request had been accomplished, he told all he had heard in the fullest detail, without any pressing.

The revelations of the Gambusino caused his hearers considerable reflection, and they next asked how he knew that they were so near?

Domingo completed his story by stating how he had found the tobacco pouch, and how, after his two companions, Marksman and Don Mariano, fell asleep, he left them to go in search of Don Estevan.

In the Gambusino's story one thing especially struck Don Estevan, and that was, that two of his greatest enemies were a few paces from him, and alone. He at once leaned over to Red Wolf, and whispered a few words, to which the other responded by a sinister smile.

Ten minutes later the fire was extinguished.

The Apaches, armed to the teeth, under the guidance of Domingo, glided into the forest, and proceeded toward the spot where the hunter and the gentleman were tranquilly reposing, not suspecting the terrible danger that menaced them, and the treachery to which they were the victims.

We have seen how the Indian's enterprise failed, and in what way the wretched Domingo received the chastisement for his crime. Unfortunately, he had found time to speak, and his words had been carefully garnered.

When the Apaches recognized that they had to do with a stronger party than they expected, and the men they wished to surprise were on their guard, they withdrew in all haste, in order to deliberate on the measures they must take to get before their enemies, and foil their plans.

The discussion, contrary to Indian habit, was not long. In spite of the night, whose dense mantle still covered the ground, they mounted their horses, and proceeded as speedily as possibly toward Quiepas Tani, in order to enter the city the first, and have time to call on their friends to help them in the impending contest.

In spite of all his objections, Don Estevan was left behind, concealed with some warriors on the outskirts of the forest. The Chiefs, with all their influence, not daring openly to infringe the Indian laws by introducing into the city a paleface other than a prisoner, Don Estevan was compelled to await their return with resignation.

But if the Indians had lost no time, the hunters, on their side, had so well profited by it, that, as we have seen, Marksman, disguised as a Yuma medicine man, entered Quiepas Tani simultaneously with them.

While Red Wolf made all the preparations for convening the great council of the Chiefs, Addick left him, and proceeded to the house of his friend, Chench Coatl (Eight Serpents), the Amantzin, or High Priest.

But the latter, on hearing of the young Chief's return, had shut himself up with the Pigeon, who, accompanied by Eglantine, had come to pay him a visit. The Amantzin advised her of Addick's return—which she knew already—and recommended her to maintain silence as to the active part she had played in the attempted conversion of the maidens.

The Pigeon, whom Eglantine had taught her lesson, promised to remain dumb. She had told the High Priest of the presence in Quiepas Tani of a great Yuma medicine man, whose knowledge might be useful in restoring the health of Addick's prisoners. The Amantzin thanked the Indian woman, telling her he should probably see Atoyac at the council, and would not fail to ask him to lend Two Rabbits to him.

Feeling considerably calmer, the Amantzin dismissed the woman, and proceeded to Addick, being well prepared to receive him.

At the first words the young Chief uttered, referring to his great desire to see his two prisoners as soon as possible, the old man replied that, in order to be able to watch over them more effectually, and remove them from the oppressive curiosity of the idlers of the city, who troubled him with their continual visits, he had been compelled to transfer them to the Palace of the Virgins of the Sun, until they could be returned to their legitimate owner.

Addick thanked his friend most warmly for the care he had taken in performing the commission entrusted to him—thanks which the Chief Priest received with hypocritical modesty, while regarding the young Chief with a crafty look, which caused him to feel uncomfortable.

Hence, without further beating round the bush, he resolved on settling the matter at once.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONVERSATIONAL.

The two men stood for a moment silently face to face, devouring each other with their glances, with frowning brows and compressed lips, like two duellists on the point of crossing swords; and, in truth, they were about to engage in a duel, the more terrible because the only weapons they could employ were cunning and dissimulation.

The power of the Indian priests is immense: it is the more terrible, because it is uncontrolled, and only depends on the deity they invoke, and whom they compel to interfere in all circumstances when they have need of his support.

No people are so superstitious as the Redskins. With them religion is entirely physical, they are completely ignorant of dogmas, and prefer blindly believing the absurdities their diviners lay before them, rather than give themselves the trouble of reflecting on mysteries which they do not understand, and which, in their hearts they care little for.

We have said that the High Priest of Quiepas Tani was a man of lofty intellect, constantly residing in the city, possessing the secrets, and, consequently, the confidence of most families; he had built up his popularity on a solid and almost immovable basis. Addick was aware of this. On several occasions he had been obliged to have recourse to the occult powers of the soothsayer, and therefore, perfectly comprehended the unpleasant consequences which would result to him from a rupture with such a man.

Chiuchcoatl stood with his arms folded on his chest, and with apathetic face, before the young Chief, whose eyes flashed, and features expressed the most violent indignation.

Still, at the expiration of a few moments, Addick, by an extraordinary effort of his will, subdued the fire of his glance, smoothed down the expression of his face, and offered his hand to the Priest, saying to him in a soft and conciliating voice, in which no trace of his internal agitation was perceptible,—

"My father loves me. What he has done is well, and I thank him for it."

The Amantzin bowed deferentially, while slightly touching, with the end of his three fingers, the hand held out to him.

"The Wacondah inspired me," he said, with a hypocritical voice.

"The holy name of the Wacondah be blessed!" the Chief replied. "Will not my father allow me to see the prisoners?"

"I should like it. Unfortunately, that is impossible."

"What?" the young man exclaimed, with a shade of impatience, he could not completely hide.

"The law is positive. Entrance to the Palace of the Virgins of the Sun is prohibited to men."

"That is true; but these young girls are not priestesses. They are paleface women whom I brought here."

"I know it. What my brother says is just."

"Well, my father sees that nothing prevents my prisoners being restored to me."

"My son is mistaken. Their presence among the Virgins of the Sun has placed them beneath the effect of the law. Forced by imperious circumstances, I did not reflect on this when I made them enter the Palace. In order to carry out my son's wishes, I wished to save them at any price. Now I regret what I have done; but it is too late."

Addick felt an enormous temptation to dash out the brains of the wretched juggler, who deluded him so impudently with this hypocritical accent and gentle manner; but, fortunately for the Priest, and probably for himself, as such a deed, just as it was, would not have gone unpunished, he succeeded in mastering himself.

"Come," he continued, in a moment, "my father is kind, he would not wish to reduce me to despair. Are there no means to remove this apparently insurmountable difficulty?"

The Priest seemed to hesitate. Addick looked earnestly at him, while awaiting his answer.

"Yes," he continued, presently, "there is, perhaps, one way."

"What?" the young man exclaimed, joyfully. "Let my father speak!"

"It would be," the old man answered, laying a stress on every word, and, as it were unwillingly, "it would be by obtaining authority from the Great Council to remove them from the Palace."

"Wah! I did not think of that. In truth, the Great Council may authorize that. I thank my father. Oh! I shall obtain the permission."

"I hope so," the Priest answered, in a tone which staggered the young man.

"Does my father suppose that the Great Council would wish to insult me by refusing so slight a favor?" he asked.

"I suppose nothing, my son. The Wacondah holds in his right hand the hearts of the Chiefs. He can alone dispose them in your favor."

"My father is right. I will go immediately to the Council. It must be assembled at this moment."

"In truth," the Amantzin answered, "the first hachesto of the powerful Sachems came to summon me a few moments before I had the pleasure of seeing my son."

"Then my father is proceeding to the Council?"

"I will accompany my son, if he consents."

"It will be an honor for me. I can, I trust, count on the support of my father?"

"When has that support failed Addick?"

"Never. Still, to-day, above all, I should like to be certain that my father will grant it to me."

"My son knows that I love him. I will act as my duty ordains," the Priest replied, evasively.

Addick, to his great regret, was forced to put up with this ambiguous answer.

The two men then went out, and crossed the square, to enter the palace of the Sachems, where the Council assembled. A crowd of Indians, attracted by curiosity, thronged this usually deserted spot, and greeted with shouts the passage of renowned sachems. When the High Priest appeared, accompanied by the young Chief, the Indians fell back before them, with a respect mingled with fear, and bowed silently to them. The Amantzin was more feared than loved by the people, as generally happens with all men who hold great power.

Chiuchcoatl did not seem to notice the emotion his presence produced, and the hurried whispers that were audible on his passing. With eyes sunk, and modest even humble step, he entered the palace at the heels of the young Chief, whose assured countenance and haughty glance formed a striking contrast with the demeanor his comrade affected.

The place reserved for the meeting of the Great Council was an immense square hall, extremely simple, and facing north and south; at one end was fastened to the whitewashed wall a tapestry made of the feathers and down of rare birds, on which was reproduced, in brilliantly-colored feathers, the revered image of the sun, resting on the great sacred tortoise, the emblem of the world.

Beneath this tapestry, and sustained by four crossed spears planted in the ground, was the sacred calumet, which must never be sullied by contact with the earth. This calumet, whose red bowl was made of a precious clay, only found in a certain region of the upper Missouri, had a tube ten feet in length, adorned with feathers and gold bells, and from its extremity hung a small medicine bag of elk skin, studded with hieroglyphics.

In the centre of the hall, in an oval hole, hollowed for the purpose, was piled, with a certain degree of symmetry, the wood destined for the council fire, and which could only be lighted by the High Priest.

The hall was lighted by twelve lofty windows, hung with long curtains of vicuna skin, through which a gloomy and uncertain light filtered, perfectly harmonizing with the imposing aspect of the vast apartment.

At the moment the Amantzin and Addick entered the place of meeting, all the Chiefs comprising the Council had arrived; they were walking about in groups, conversing and waiting. So soon as the High Priest entered, each took his place by the fire, at a sign from the eldest Sachem.

This Sachem was an old man, whom two warriors held under the arms to support. A long beard, white as silver—a singular fact among Indians—fell on his chest; his features were stamped with extraordinary majesty; and, indeed, the other Chiefs showed him profound respect and veneration.

This Chief was called Axayacatl, that is to say, "the face of the water." He claimed descent from the ancient Incas, who governed the country of the Altamirac before the Spanish conquest, and, like his namesake, the eighth king of Mexico, his totem was a face, before which he placed the symbol for water. We may remark, in support of his claim, that his skin had not that reddish hue of new copper, which distinguishes the Indian race, but, on the contrary, approached the European type.

Whatever his descent might be, though, one thing was certain, that, in his youth, he had been one of the bravest and most renowned Chiefs of the Comanches, that haughty and untameable nation, which calls itself the Queen of the Prairies. When Axayacatl's great age and numerous wounds prevented him waging war longer, the Indians, by whom he was generally revered, had unanimously elected him supreme Chief of Quiepas Tani, and he had performed his duties for more than twenty years, to the satisfaction of all the Indian nations.

After assuring himself that all the Chiefs were assembled round the fire, the Sachem took from the hands of the hachesto, who stood by his side, a lighted log, which he placed in the centre of the wood prepared for the Council, saying, in a weak though perfectly distinct voice,—

"Wacondah! thy children are assembling to discuss grave matters; may the flame, which is thy Spirit, breathe in their hearts, and raise to their lips the words wise and worthy of thee."

The wood—probably covered with resinous matter—caught fire almost immediately, and a brilliant flame soon mounted, with a whirl, toward the roof.

While the Sachem was pronouncing the words we have just written, two subaltern priests had taken the sacred calumet from the spot where it was placed, and, after filling it with tobacco expressly reserved for extraordinary ceremonies, they lifted it on their shoulders, and presented it respectfully to the Amantzin. The latter took, with a medicine-rod, in order to confound evil omens, a burning coal from the hearth, and lit the calumet, while pronouncing the following invocation:—

"Wacondah! sublime and mysterious being. Thou, whom the world cannot contain, and whose powerful eye perceives the smallest insect timidly concealed beneath the grass, we invoke thee, thee whom no man can comprehend. Grant that the sun, thy visible representative, may be favorable to us, and not drive far away the holy smoke of the great calumet which we send toward him."

The Amantzin, still holding the bowl of the calumet in the palm of his hand, presented the tube to each Chief, beginning with the eldest. The Sachems each inhaled a few puffs of smoke, with the decorum and reverence required by etiquette, with their eyes fixed on the ground, and the right arm laid on the heart. When the tube of the calumet at length reached the High Priest, he had the bowl held by one of his acolytes, and smoked till all the tobacco was reduced to ashes. Then the hachesto approached, emptied the ash into a little elkskin pouch, which he closed, and threw into the fire, saying, in a loud and impressive voice—

"Wacondah! the descendants of the sons of Aztlan implore thy clemency. Suffer thy luminous rays to descend into their hearts, that their words may be those of wise men."

Then the two priests took the calumet again, and placed it beneath the image of the sun. The old Sachem took the word again.

"The Council has assembled," he said, "two renowned Chiefs, who only arrived this morning at Quiepas Tani, on their return from a long journey, have, they say, important communications to make to the Sachems. Let them speak; our ears are open."

We will enter into no details of the discussion that took place in the Council; we will not even quote the speeches uttered by Red Wolf and Addick, for that would carry us too far, and probably only weary the reader. We need only say, that though the passions of the Sachems were cleverly played on by the two Chiefs who had called the meeting, and that sharp attacks were sharply returned, all passed with the decorum and decency characteristic of Indian assemblies; that although each defended his opinion inch by inch, no one went beyond the limits of good taste; and we will sum up the debate, by stating that Red Wolf and Addick completely failed in their schemes, and that the good sense, or rather the ill-will, of their colleagues prevented them attaining the object of their desires.

The High Priest, while pretending to support Addick, managed to embroil the question so cleverly, that the Council declared unanimously that the two young palefaces shut up in the Palace of the Virgins of the Sun must be considered, not as the property of the Chief who brought them to the city, but as prisoners of the entire confederation, and as such remain under the guardianship of the Amantzin, to whom the order was intimated to watch them with the greatest care, and under no pretext allow the young Chief to approach them. Chiuchcoatl, when he insinuated to Addick that he should apply to the Council, knew perfectly well what the result would be; but not wishing to make an enemy of the young man by refusing his request, he adroitly thrust the responsibility of the refusal on the whole Council, and thus rendered it impossible for Addick to call him to account for his dishonorable conduct toward him.

Red Wolf had been more fortunate, from the simple reason that his communication concerned the city. The Apache Chief demanded that a party of five hundred warriors, commanded by a renown chief, should be called under arms, to watch over the common safety, gravely compromised by the appearance, in the vicinity of Quiepas Tani, of some forty palefaces, whose evident intention it was to attack and carry the city by storm.

The Chiefs granted Red Wolf what he asked, and even much more, than he had ventured to hope. Instead of five hundred warriors, it was settled that a thousand should be called; one-half of them under the orders of Atoyac, would traverse the country in every direction, in order to watch the approach of the enemy, while the other half, under the immediate orders of the Governor, would guard the interior. After this, the Council broke up.

The High Priest then approached Atoyac, and asked him if he really had a renowned Tlacateotzin at his house. The other replied, that, on the same day, a great Yuma medicine man had arrived at Quiepas Tani, and done him the honor of entering his *calli*. Flying Eagle then joined Atoyac in assuring the High Priest that this medicine man, whom he had known for a long time, justly enjoyed a very extensive reputation among the Indians, and that he had himself seen him effect marvellous cures. The Amantzin had no reason to distrust Flying Eagle; he therefore put the greatest confidence in his words, and, on the spot begged Atoyac to bring this Tlacateotzin as speedily as possible to the Palace of the Virgins of the Sun that he might devote his attention to the two paleface maidens placed under his ward by the Council-General of the nation, and whose health had inspired him with great fears for some time past.

Addick heard these words, and rapidly approached the High Priest.

"What does my father say, then?" he exclaimed, in agitation.

"I say," the Amantzin replied, in his most honeyed voice, "that the two maidens my son entrusted to my care have been tried by the Wacondah, who sent them the scourge of illness."

"Is their life in danger?" the young man continued, with ill-suppressed agony.

"The Wacondah alone holds in his power the existence of his creatures; still I believe that the danger may be conquered; besides, as my son has heard, I expect an illustrious Tlacateotzin of the Yuma race, just come from the shore of the boundless Salt Lake, who, by the aid of his science, can, I doubt not, restore strength and health to the slaves whom my son took from the Spanish barbarians."

Addick, at this unpleasant news, could not suppress a movement of anger, which proved to the High Priest that he was not entirely his dupe, but suspected what had happened; but, either through respect, or fear lest he might be mistaken in his supposition, though more probably because the place where Addick was did not appear to him propitious for an explanation like that he wished to have with the Amantzin, he contented himself with begging the old man not to neglect anything to save the captives, adding, that he would be grateful to him for any attention he might pay them. Then, suddenly breaking off the conversation, he bowed slightly to the High Priest, turned his back on him, and left the hall, talking eagerly in a low voice with Red Wolf, who had waited for him a few paces off.

The Amantzin looked after the young man with a most peculiar expression in his eyes; then, resuming his conversation with Atoyac and Flying Eagle, he begged them to send the Yuma medicine man to them that evening if possible. The latter promised this, and then left him to return to the *calli*, where the physician was doubtless waiting for them.

Still, what had passed at the council afforded Flying Eagle serious matter for reflection, by letting him see that the two Apache Chiefs knew the greater part of Marksman's secret, and if the latter wished to succeed, he must waste no time, but set to work at once. After ten minutes' walking, the Chiefs reached the *calli*, where they found Marksman awaiting them. The hunter, as we have seen, offered no objections to Atoyac's request, but, on the contrary, after taking up his medicine-box, followed him eagerly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PHYSICAL MAN OF OHIO.—The Commissioner of Statistics of the State of Ohio in his Annual Report, gives a curious description of the physique of the men of Ohio:—

"The Commissioner says that Professor Henry and himself have been several years engaged in defining the American man, by accurate measurements. He presents only such of these as go to describe accurately the men of Ohio. For this purpose he gives the measurements of 300 farmers, miners and laborers in several counties; of 230 others in eleven villages, and five companies of Kennett's Cavalry, all native Americans. The following appears to be the general result of these measurements:—That the man of Ohio is five feet nine and one-third inches high, and is *taller than any European nation* of which there are measurements. He is taller than the Belgian by several inches; taller than the English, and even than the Scotch Highlanders. The Highlanders, however, exceed the American *round the chest*, and are, on the whole, the stoutest. In complexion, eyes and hair, the *light* predominates over the dark. The prevailing hair is brown, and the prevailing eyes gray, or blue. In one word, the native American is a *modified* German of the time of Tacitus, and such he ought to be, from his antecedents."

☞ "Drop me a line!" as the drowning man said to the fellow on deck.

THE NEW YORK HERALD A YEAR AGO.

It should not be forgotten that this is the way the Herald talked before the "great uprising of the people:"—

From the N. Y. Herald, Feb. 3, 1861.

"Any attempt on the part of the incoming Administration to carry out the coercion theory *will meet with no less resistance in the non-Slaveholding* than in the Slaveholding States."

"It is indisputable that the interests of the so-called Border States will compel them to become a part of the new Southern Republic; but it will be equally for the benefit of the Central States, *including New York, to identify themselves with their Southern seceding brethren.*"

From the N. Y. Herald, March 17, 1861.

"Now, by the unanimous adoption of the new Constitution by the Southern Congress, the President, the Secretary of State, and the Republican party, know *what the South wants;* and there is nothing *unreasonable in their demands*, and as nothing less will satisfy the Southern States, the *best course* for the Border States, and all other States, North and South, to pursue is TO ADOPT THIS INSTRUMENT OF RECONSTRUCTION."

From the N. Y. Herald, March 19, 1861.

"Mr. Lincoln and his advisers have at length an opportunity of throwing off the *selfishness, fanaticism and suicidal imbecility* which have so far characterized the course of the present Administration, and of taking measures which cannot fail to secure a reconstruction of the Union within a limited period. The adoption by the Montgomery Congress of a Constitution, is equivalent to a manifesto to the rest of the country of the precise wants of the people of the seceding States. It may be regarded as the ultimatum of the South to the North, and as the *only* basis upon which the former will *consent to negotiate* with those whose YOKE THEY HAVE RECENTLY THROWN OFF."

From the N. Y. Herald, March 20, 1861.

"There is no point of difference between the Constitution of 1789 and that framed by the Congress at Montgomery in which the *provisions of the latter are not an improvement upon the former.*"

"It is especially necessary that the conservative *masses of this metropolis* SHOULD TAKE THE LEAD in indorsing the Constitution which the Confederate States of the South have adopted, and *of signifying their willingness to acquiesce in the same.*"

"The Southern Confederacy has a MIGHTY DESTINY before it, and the only way the Northern States can *share* it and *be saved from ruin is by adopting the new Constitution.*"

SPRING PROSPECTS.

The circular of Messrs. Sam. Hallett & Co., prepared for the Asia, communicates to the English correspondents of the house the following views of the spring trade:

"The opening of the spring bids fair to find us in a stronger position than ever in reference to our foreign trade. There were never before such extensive accumulations of breadstuffs in the interior. These will begin to come forward in two months, upon the opening of the canals. We shall have consequently in greater abundance than ever the staples of which make up the bulk of our exports for 1861. In sixty days more peace will be restored to the entire tobacco producing section of the country, including, perhaps, Virginia, so that tobacco will be speedily added to the list of our exports. Kentucky and Missouri are now cleared of rebels in arms, and will soon resume their wonted commerce. It is altogether probable that the next sixty days will witness the opening of every important cotton port, and order restored to a large portion of the cotton states. We have seen enough to prove that all that is wanted to bring forward a large amount of the cotton is protection against a cabal, which has overawed the whole South even in sections where the Unionists greatly outnumbered the rebels. A fair crop has been grown. It must come to market. All that is wanting is a way, and this will soon be provided by the success of our arms. In the next six months it is more than probable that we shall have cotton bills to the amount of $100,000,000, in addition to exports from other sources quite equal to our imports, and which will create a balance to a nearly equal amount in our favor, a portion of which must be liquidated in gold; for, under the high rates of duty which are likely to prevail, we do not see how we can largely increase our imports over the past year. Upon many articles which we have been accustomed largely to import the duties are nearly prohibitory, and must immediately cause a large amount of capital to be invested in this country in their production."

RICH SCENE IN THE WHEELING LEGISLATURE.—The Wheeling Legislature, having finished the business before it, adjourned on Thursday evening. Immediately previous to adjournment, the following rather rich proceedings transpired:—Mr. Ratcliffe offered a resolution proposing to ascertain if the Senate would accept the ten commandments without amendment, if first passed by the House. He remarked that no proposition from the House had ever gone to the Senate without coming back amended. He desired, before the adjournment, to submit something which would meet their approbation. The Speaker appointed Mr. Radcliffe to communicate the passage of the resolution to the Senate. Mr. R. accordingly picked up the resolution, and, amidst great laughter, proceeded to the Senate chamber. He subsequently returned, and reported to the House that the Senate insisted that there were thirteen commandments, and refused, therefore, to accept the House resolution without amendment.

HEALTH OF JOHN BELL.—A Cairo correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says:—"Gen. Halleck has advised Mr. T. L. Yeatman, of St. Louis, to take possession of the 'Cumberland iron works,' recently destroyed by the crew of the gunboat St. Louis. Mr. Lewis, one of the proprietors of the works referred to, who was taken prisoner on board the St. Louis, states that John Bell, who was one of the partners in the destroyed concern, is in very bad health, and will not live many weeks. He is at times perfectly insane. John C. Breckinridge, Mr. Lewis says, has become a habitual drunkard. He is now in Tennessee."

A CAUTION—TREASURY-NOTE COUPONS.—The public are cautioned against a piece of villainy, by which the operator cuts the coupons off the $50 7-30 treasury notes, and passes the note as a demand note in trade, thus pocketing $10.95, the amount of the coupons for three years, which he may collect half-yearly upon presenting them at the Government offices. Traders should bear in mind that there are no $50 demand notes, only $5s, $10s, and $20s.—*Peterson's Counterfeit Detector.*

THE Toronto Leader is not at all pleased with the result of the battle of Fort Donelson, but it has discovered a small piece of consolation, and exultingly proclaims that the number of rebel "prisoners taken has dwindled down from fifteen thousand to thirteen thousand three hundred."

NEWS ITEMS.

THERE has been a terrific explosion of gas at a haberdashery house in Madrid, and the Pensamiento, one of the enlightened journals of that city, says: "Had the shopkeeper concluded himself with lighting his place with the candles which sufficed for his predecessors, we should not now have to deplore this catastrophe." These reflections carry the writer into the mischiefs which railways and the printing press have inflicted on mankind.

THE Prussian Gazette announces that gymnastics are to be introduced as a compulsory branch of education in schools of every degree in Prussia.

A NOVELTY has lately been produced at San Carlo, Naples, in the form of the *Huguenots*, and for the first time. During the rule of the Bourbons it was, of course, prohibited, on the pretence that the libretto was irreligious; but now the opposite spirit prevails, and priests and monks, when they come on in the choruses, are greeted by the pit with shouts and hisses, and cries of "Down with the priests." The house has been crowded to excess since the *Huguenots* was produced.

GEN. MCKINSTRY has been released from arrest, and has made his appearance in the streets at St. Louis.

THE rebels had secreted everywhere in and about Bowling Green provisions to an incredible amount, which they left behind, and it has been captured by Buell's army.

FROM New Mexico we have news that the rebel proclamation of Sibley had been a failure. The people turned in numbers to fight against the rebels, and great enthusiasm prevailed. A grand pontifical high mass was celebrated in the churches for the souls of the Catholics killed in battle.

SECRETARY SEWARD, on behalf of the Commissioners appointed by the President for the London Exhibition, publishes a notice that the authority of the commission has ceased in consequence of Congress having refused to make an appropriation to the commission. They will, therefore, send no contributions to the exhibition.

FROM Fortress Monroe we learn that the attempt to lay a telegraphic cable across the Chesapeake Bay has failed. The steamer Hoboken laid sixteen miles of the cable successfully, and then stopped for the night. Next morning, while taking soundings, the great gale struck her, in which she became unmanageable, drifted ashore on Cape Henry and broke in two. The crew were rescued. The vessel is a total loss, and the remainder of the cable is destroyed. Of the portion laid the end is buoyed up. From Albemarle Sound we learn that five or six United States gunboats had entered Roanoke river.

THE three cannon foundries, at Pittsburg, West Point and Phœnixville, have already cast twelve hundred and eighty-two pieces of artillery for the government.

HUNTER and Lane are unable to agree, and Lane has gone to Washington to have the matter settled.

AMONG the prizes captured by the Federal soldiers at Fort Donelson was a rifle said to be worth $1,000. Its breech is inlaid with the finest gold. It belonged to a hotel keeper in Memphis, and was won by him at a horse race.

REGULAR ARMY OFFICERS IN THE VOLUNTEERS.—The number of regular army officers now serving in the volunteer force is one hundred and twenty-one. Of these, one officer holds the rank of major general of volunteers; fifty have the rank of brigadier generals; fifty seven are colonels; seven lieutenant colonels, and six majors. All of these officers, with the exception of twenty three, are graduates of West Point. The total number of general officers of volunteers one hundred and twelve, namely—six major generals, two of whom are West Pointers, and one hundred and six brigadier generals, seventy-three of whom are West Pointers.

THE SUMTER ON THE AFRICAN COAST.—From the London Star of the 8th we learn that the privateer Sumter had been ordered away from Gibraltar by the English authorities, and had gone to Tangiers.

DEAD REBELS FOUND ON THE CUMBERLAND RIVER WITH THEIR HANDS CUT OFF.—The following postcript is added to a business letter written to us at Somerset, Ky., on the 21st instant:

"Since the Cumberland river has fallen forty or fifty dead secesh soldiers have been found with their hands cut off, supposed to have been done by the fugitives in crossing the river on their memorable retreat, to prevent them sinking the boats."—*Exchange Paper.*

A WOMAN ELECTED MAYOR.—At a recent city election in Oskaloosa, Iowa, Mrs. Nancy Smith, Democrat, was elected Mayor by a majority of twenty-one over the Republican candidate for that office.

ENCOURAGING TO SMOKERS.—There is said to be living in Oswego, New York, a man one hundred and eighteen years old, who has smoked for one hundred years, and consumed a thousand pounds of the weed. Moreover, as showing that he is not likely to end in smoke, he is the father of twenty-five children, all living.

THE Raleigh (N. C.) Register of the 26th, begins an editorial by saying that it would be criminal, as well as idle, to deny that the present is the most gloomy period that the South has yet witnessed since the commencement of the war, and goes on in the most earnest manner to call upon the people to remain by their colors, and fight to the last.

ALL the prisoners taken at Roanoke Island have been released on parole. Quite a number arrived at Raleigh on Monday, and stated that 150 were left at Weldon to come forward on Tuesday.

THE Savannah Republican of Wednesday last says that the Federal army have, by the erection of three batteries, completely severed the connection between Savannah and Fort Pulaski.

AN account from Washington, purporting to be from high authority, says:—Neither Jefferson Davis nor any other person has made any communication to the Government concerning terms of submission or compromise. The flag of truce some time ago sent by Gen. Johnson to Gen. McClellan, as also Howell Cobb's appearance at Fortress Monroe, related to exchange of prisoners.

THE roads on the Potomac are rapidly drying, so that dust is already found in some places.

GENERAL STONE will not be placed on trial until the Committee on the Conduct of the War have concluded their investigations, and brought all the testimony against him to light. Several more witnesses to-day testified to his conduct at Ball's Bluff, and are making a fearful record against him. Incontrovertible evidence as to his affording rebels free communication with their friends in Maryland through his lines has been adduced.

THE official returns show that 321 men were killed, 1,054 wounded, and 160 missing in Gen. McClernand's division at Fort Donelson.

TO BE MARRIED.—The brave Union soldier who carried captive the heart of a beautiful and wealthy heiress at Richmond, and is soon to be married to her, is Sergt. Moulton, of New Haven, of the 3d regiment. He was taken prisoner at Bull Run, sent to Richmond, and attracted the notice of the young lady, who supplied the object of her affection with clothing, luxuries and money, exchanged miniatures with him, and has eloped from the rebel capital in order to share his fortunes.

STRINGENT ARTICLE OF WAR RESPECTING FUGITIVE SLAVES.

The following proceedings took place recently in the House of Representatives:—

Mr. Blair (Mo.), from the Military Committee, reported a bill to establish an additional Article of War for the government of the army of the United States, as follows:—"All officers in the military service are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor escaping from those who claim such service or labor to be due to them; and any officer found guilty by court martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service."

Mr. Bingham (Ohio) moved an amendment, so as to include not only officers but all persons in the naval or military service of the United States.

Mr. Mallory (Ky.) looked upon this measure as an effort to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, and as a denial of the states to claim their property. He moved a postponement of the bill.

Mr. Blair (Mo.) thought that officers could be engaged in better business than returning fugitive slaves.

Mr. Wickliffe (Ky.) mentioned the fact that after the capture of Fort Donelson, General Grant caused twelve slaves who had been forced into the rebel service from Kentucky, to be returned to their masters. He wished to know whether the proposition now pending intended to prohibit military officers from performing such acts of justice to loyal citizens.

Mr. Grider opposed the bill, looking upon it as an indirect way of repealing the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mr. Bingham replied that the bill was intended to confine officers to their legitimate duty, and prohibit them from interfering with the civil law. Such practices should not be tolerated for a moment by the American people. He would not punish those who would kidnap, but would have them shot.

Mr. Mallory said that Kentucky had as stringent laws against kidnapping as any other state.

Mr. Bingham had read in the newspapers a case of a fugitive who had, at the risk of his life, swam the Ohio into Indiana, thinking when under the Stars and Stripes that he would be protected; but it was said that he was suspected of the crime of running away, when a company of soldiers was detailed and he was escorted to his master. If that was the practice to be pursued by the army and navy under the flag of the republic, it would be better to cover with midnight blackness every star that floats upon the azure field—a practice enough to consign to eternal infamy the man who dared to practice it. What are we fighting for? For the administration of justice, and, among other things, for the principle that no man shall be condemned or deprived of his liberty without due process of law.

Mr. Diven—I want the gentleman from Ohio to specify where any military officer has hunted down any fugitive slave for the purpose of returning him to his master.

Mr. Bingham—The very case I referred to is enough to bring the blush of shame to the face of every American.

Mr. Diven—It is a matter founded on falsehood.

Mr. Bingham—How do you know that?

Mr. Diven—I have just as much reason to believe it untrue as you have to believe it is true.

Mr. Bingham—The statement, which has received credence all over the land, is characterized by the gentleman as a falsehood. I know the fact, because it has been published in the newspapers, and I have never seen it contradicted.

Mr. Diven was understood to say that was because the gentleman only read one-sided newspapers.

Mr. Vallandigham (Ohio) moved to lay the bill on the table. Not agreed to—yeas 48, nays 87.

Mr. Wright (Pa.) moved to adjourn. Not agreed to—yeas 27, nays 95.

The question on postponing the bill till the first Wednesday in March was disagreed to—yeas 51, nays 78.

The main question was ordered, when Mr. Johnson (Pa.) moved to adjourn. Not agreed to—yeas 41, nays 78.

Mr. Bingham's amendment, prohibiting any person connected with the army and navy from returning fugitives, was agreed to.

Mr. Crittenden (Ky.) said he wished to occupy only two minutes in his remarks, but—

Mr. Lovejoy persisted in his objection—the unanimous consent being necessary for further debate.

Mr. Steele (N. Y.) objected to the third reading of the bill, on the ground that it had not been engrossed.

Several ineffectual motions to adjourn were made by the opponents of the bill.

Mr. Vallandigham (Ohio) raised a point of order, which the speaker overruled.

Mr. Hickman (Pa.) vainly endeavored to offer an amendment.

The bill was finally passed, by a vote of 85 yeas to 42 nays, as follows:—

YEAS.—Messrs. Aldrich, Alley, Arnold, Ashley, Babbitt, Baker, Baxter, Beaman, Bingham, Blair (Mo.), Blair (Pa.), Blake, Buffington, Chamberlain, Clark, Colfax, Fred. A. Conkling, Roscoe Conkling, Conway, Covode, Cutler, Davis, Diven, Edgerton, Edwards, Elliot, Ely, Fessenden, Franchot, Frank, Gooch, Goodwin, Granger, Gurley, Hale, Hanchett, Harrison, Hooper, Hutchins, Julian, Kelley, Kellogg, (Ill.) Lansing, Loomis, Lovejoy, McKnight, McPherson, Mitchell, Morrill (Me.), Nixon, Odell, Patton, Phelps (Cal.), Pike, Pomeroy, Potter, Rice (Mass.), Rice (Me.), Riddle, Rollins (N. H.), Sedgwick, Sheffield, Sherman, Sloan, Spaulding, Stevens, Thomas (Mass.), Train, Trimble, Trowbridge, Van Horn, Van Valkenburg, Wall, Wallace, Walton (Me.), Walton (Vt.), Washburne, White (Ind.), Wilson, Windom and Worcester.

NAYS.—Messrs. Ancona, Bailey (Pa.), Biddle, Blair (Va.), Clemens, Corning, Cravens, Cresfield, Crittenden, Dunlap, English, Grider, Hall, Harding, Holman, Johnson, Knapp, Law, Lazear, Leary, Lehman, Mallory, Maynard, Menzies, Morris, Nugen, Pendleton, Perry, Price, Rollins (Mo.), Steele (N. Y.), Steele (N. J.), Thomas (Md.), Vallandigham, Vibbard, Voorhees, Ward, Webster, Wickliffe, Wood, Woodruff and Wright.

The House then adjourned.

MORE TESTIMONY AGAINST GEN. STONE—THE WHOLE REBEL FORCE AT BALL'S BLUFF COULD HAVE BEEN ROUTED IN AN HOUR IF GEN. STONE HAD WANTED IT DONE.—The Committee on the Conduct of the War have had before them Messrs. Paul Revere, Raymond, Col. Lee, and others of the returned prisoners from Richmond, who were taken at Ball's Bluff. Their testimony as to the position of the enemy, their numbers, and the locality of the ground is highly important.

Their conviction is unanimous that had Gen. Stone moved up the men he had crossed at Edwards' Ferry, and attacked the rebels in the rear they could have whipped them and drove them beyond Leesburg in less than an hour from the time the men left Edwards' Ferry, only distant some three miles, and over a good road unobstructed.

Col. Lee says they were taunted by the rebels with being "sold," but he never knew that any men had crossed at Edwards' Ferry until his return here from Richmond.

WHAT THE U. S. NOTE LAW CONTAINS.

As the Associated Press copies of the Act authorizing the issue of United States Notes and for funding the floating debt, proved to be so full of inaccuracies, we have taken the pains to prepare and condense from the public records what we believe to be an accurate transcript of its provisions.

It authorizes the issue of $150,000,000 of United States notes, of not less than five dollars each, payable to bearer at the Treasury, without interest, and said notes may be reissued as the public interests require. Fifty millions of the notes are to be in lieu of the demand notes now in circulation, which latter are to be taken up as rapidly as possible, and the aggregate of both kinds is not to exceed $150,000,000.

The *new* notes are made lawful money and a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States, *except for duties on imports, and for interest on bonds and notes payable by the United States.* Interest on the bonds and notes of the United States is to be paid in coin, and nothing but coin is to be received for duties on imports, except the demand notes *of the old issue now in circulation.*

Holders of the new notes may deposit them in sums of fifty dollars, or multiples of fifty dollars, with the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States, and receive in exchange equal amounts of bonds, coupon or registered, bearing six per cent. interest, payable half yearly, which bonds shall be payable twenty years after date, but which are also redeemable at the pleasure of the Government at any time after five years; and holders of said notes may pay them at their par value for any loans hereafter sold or negotiated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

It is further provided, in the fourth section, that the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer, or any designated depositary of the United States, may receive these notes on deposit for not less than thirty days, in sums not less than one hundred dollars, for which certificates shall be issued, bearing five per cent. interest, and said deposits may be withdrawn at ten days notice. The interest on said deposits is, however, to cease at the option of the Secretary of the Treasury, and the aggregate of the deposits is not to exceed $25,000,000.

The second section of the act authorizes the issue of $500,000,000 of coupon or registered bonds, in sums of not less than fifty dollars, payable in twenty years, but redeemable at the pleasure of the government after five years, which bonds bear six per cent. interest, payable half yearly, in coin, and are exempt from taxation by any State authority. These bonds may be sold by the Secretary of the Treasury at their *market value.*

Section five provides that all duties on imported goods shall be paid in coin, (or in United States demand notes of the old issue until they are all taken in,) and the coin so paid shall be set apart as a special fund, to be applied, first, to the payment of interest on government bonds and notes; and, second, to purchase annually one per cent. of the entire debt as a sinking fund. The residue of said coin is to be paid into the Treasury.

The third section relates to the form of the bonds and the manner of signing and attesting them; the sixth section relates to forging and counterfeiting and altering the bonds, notes and securities authorized by the act, any guilty participation in which is made felony, and is punishable by fifteen years' imprisonment and a fine of five thousand dollars; and the seventh and last section relates to the safety custody of the plates used in printing the notes and bonds, and makes any fraudulent use of them, or the engraving, or using, or possession of any *fac simile* of them, and all other modes of fraudulent use, a felony, punishable by fifteen years' imprisonment and by fine of five thousand dollars. Such are the provisions of this important law.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOMES.—A correspondent with General Mitchell's command, writes as follows to the Cincinnati Gazette, from a point south of Green river.

Some of the most beautiful farms, and lovely residences, which only a few months ago adorned these fertile valleys, are now the abodes of owls and bats. In order to impede our march, the road had been obstructed for miles with fallen timber. In many places the road had been ploughed up. All the ponds, some fifteen in number, on the line of march, were rendered unfit for man or beast, owing to the fact that these desolators had killed horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs, ripped them open, and thrown them into the water. In a few instances drains had been dug, and the water let off. I counted, in the distance of eighteen miles, eleven sites, where once stood residences, now nothing left but a few charred timbers.

As we passed Cave City, I rode over to take a view of the ruins of the once fine Cave City Hotel. Here it was that the visitor came afar to visit that wonder of wonders, the Mammoth Cave. Nothing now remains but the indubitable evidence of the fiendishness of Hindman and his guilty marauders.

GUNBOATS AND BATTERIES.—There is no disaster of the present war which it is so difficult to bear with any degree of patience or philosophy as the almost uniform success of the enemy's gunboats over our (rebel) land batteries. It is a thing absolutely unprecedented in its extent in the history of warfare. In nine cases out of every ten which have ever occurred before, land fortifications have driven off vessels as often as they attacked them. In the Russian war the immense steam navies of England and France were beaten by the Russian fortifications in almost every encounter. At Pensacola the gallant Bragg gave some of the finest ships of the enemy's navy a lesson which has taught them ever since to keep their distance; but, alas! that is the only instance in this war in which a powerful fleet of the enemy has been foiled in its purpose. The reason is that Bragg's batteries were properly constructed and not mere slaughter pens, good for nothing but to invite a murderous and successful assault.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

TWO IMPORTANT MEASURES.—The following bills recently passed the House of Representatives:—

On motion of Mr. Blake (Ohio) the House took up and passed the bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to establish a uniform money order system at all Post-Offices deemed suitable therefor. On orders of from $1 to $10, a commission of five cents is to be charged; on $20, a commission of ten cents, and for every additional $10, five cents.

Mr. Colfax (Ind.) reported a bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to permit additional articles to be sent by mail at the present rates of book postage. He said that, under the present law, roots, cuttings and seeds could be sent by mail at one cent per ounce; but stockings for a soldier, flags and many other articles of that character, could only be sent at letter rates. The bill was passed unanimously.

GEN. HALLECK telegraphs to Gen. McClellan that Curtis has driven Price from his stronghold at Cross Hollow, Arkansas, the enemy abandoning their sick, wounded and provisions, and burning their extensive barracks. Curtis had captured provisions enough for ten days.

THE SAD SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

The following private letter, written by a former attache of the New York Post Office, presents another side of the victory gained at Fort Donelson, from that which is generally contemplated:—

FORT DONELSON, TENN., }
Monday, Feb. 17, 1862. }

"My Dear Father—Sad, lonely, and downhearted, I attempt to write you a few lines, to let you know I am alive and unhurt. We have had a most bloody fight; there must have been 5,000 to 7,000 men killed and wounded, on both sides. But the enemy surrendered on Saturday evening, we taking about 13,000 prisoners. But, dear father, the hardest part of the story is, that out of eighty-five men in my company, only seven came out—the most wholesale slaughter that was ever heard of.

"My company was the color company, at which the rebels took particular aim; as fast as one man who carried it would be shot another would take his place; but the flag was brought through. Only 116 remain in the 11th Regiment uninjured.

"Do not wonder, dear father, that I am down hearted. My boys all loved me, and need I say that, in looking at the poor remnant of my company—the men that I have taken so much pains to drill, the men that I thought so much of—now nearly all in their graves, I feel melancholy. But I do not complain; God spared my life, and for what, the future must tell. I will write you soon again. The 11th Regiment will, I think (what is remaining,) be left to guard the prisoners at Cairo or Alton, while they recruit. Whether I shall attempt to raise another company, I do not know at present. Good-bye. Let the folks at home know I am safe. Yours, affectionately,

"L. D. WADDELL, Capt. Co. E.
"11th Regiment Illinois Volunteers (what is left of it.)
"WM. COVENTRY H. WADDELL, Esq., New York."

A NOVEL TELEGRAPHIC DEVICE.—The Louisville Journal says:—

"The most ingenious contrivance that has yet come to light, as an emanation from the secession mind, is a telegraphic communication between Gen. Buckner's headquarters at Dover and the different fortifications at Fort Donelson. A wire extends from the headquarters all through the fort, with batteries at each redoubt and important points. By this means it was calculated that troops could be ordered from place to place with much greater speed than by the usual medium of a courier on horseback; and I am told by a rebel officer it worked admirably during every attack. While the engagement of Saturday was going on, General Buckner stood upon a hill in the rear of the fort viewing everything through a spyglass. A telegraphic operator was by his side with a 'pocket instrument' in his hand, and by this means all orders were transmitted from the commanding officer to the troops within the fort."

DESTRUCTIVE FLOOD IN MECCA—THREE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.—The Boston Traveller has the following item of news:—

"An intelligent gentleman, who has for many years resided in Syria, says, in a recent communication to a friend in this city:—'There has been a flood of rain in Mecca, three hundred lives lost, one-third of the city destroyed, the great sacred Mosque Haram ceh Sherif flooded, the holy Black Stone submerged, and the great library almost destroyed!' and he adds, very naturally and pertinently, 'I cannot, in view of this fact, forget that the massacre in Damascus was planned and decided upon in that same so-called Holy City!'"

COMPARATIVE LOSS OF GENERALS.—Since the commencement of the war, the rebels have lost, in battle, the following-named generals:—

Simon B. Buckner, captured.
Lloyd Tilghman, captured.
Edward Price, captured.
Robert S. Garnett, killed.
Bernard E. Bee, killed.
Felix K. Zollicoffer, killed.

The Unionists have lost but one—Nathaniel Lyon, killed.

WORKMEN are rapidly completing the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry. It will be done in about a week, and the road running through to Wheeling in about two or three weeks. No rebel troops are anywhere on the line of the road now, nor within several miles of Harper's Ferry.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is little or no alteration to note, the sales of Flour reach some 8000 bbls in small lots for export at $5,25@5,37½ for common mixed and straight superfine; $5,50@5,75 for Western and Penna extras, the latter for Lancaster county, and $5,62½@6,12½ for low grade and choice extra family; the sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent only, within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 to 7 ₱ bbl for fancy brands as to quality. Rye Flour is selling in a small way at $3,25@3,50 ₱ bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Penna is offered at $3 without finding buyers. Of Buckwheat Meal a sale is reported at $1,80 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—There has been a fair demand for Wheat for shipment. Sales reach about 40,000 bus at 130@135c for fair to good and prime reds, mostly at 133c for Penna in store, at which rate the market closed firm. A few small lots of white brought 138@145c, as in quality. Rye is scarce and in good demand, and all the Penna offered has been taken at 76@75c in store, which is an advance. Corn continues dull; the receipts are light but the demand is limited, and only about 35,000 bush yellow found buyers at 55@56c in store, chiefly at 55½c, and 57c afloat. Oats are unchanged, and 30,000 bus Penna have been disposed of in store at 39c, weight. A sale of Southern was made at 37c. Barley is firm but quiet, and the offerings light; further sales are reported at 75c for Penna, and 85c for prime New York. Of Buckwheat sales are reported at 53c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS.—The arrivals and sales of the hog product generally continue light and prices firm at the advance; the high views of holders, however, check business. Mess Pork is offered at $13,87½@14, and city Mess Beef at $15@16 ₱ bbl, without finding buyers to any extent. Dressed Hogs are better and selling at 5¾@5¾c the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off slowly at the advance. Hams are quoted at 6½@8c for common and fancy cured; Shoulders 5@5½c; Sides at 6@6½c, and but little doing. Of green Meats, the receipts and sales are also light at 5½@6c for Hams in salt and pickle; 4½@5c for Shoulders, and 5¼@6c for Sides in salt. Lard is better, with sales of about 1,300 packages, mostly country packed, at 7¼@8¼c, cash and time, and 800 kegs at 8¾@8¾c. Butter is steady but quiet at 8@10c for solid, and 13@16c for roll, as to quality. Cheese is dull at 6@7½c, and Eggs are worth 16c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The market is unsettled and lower. The demand is limited, and only some 250 bales found buyers at from 18 to 22c, cash, for ordinary to good middling and middling fair quality.

ASHES.—There is no alteration in price or demand, and a limited business to note.

BARK.—Quercitron continues in request and scarce, with further small receipts and sales of 1st No 1 at $32,50 ₱ ton, and some of a better brand at a higher figure.

BEESWAX.—There is very little offering or selling, and good yellow is quoted at 32@33c ₱ lb.

COAL.—There is very little movement in the market as yet, and orders come in slowly. Prices, however, are steady, and business dull for the season.

COPPER.—The arrivals and sales continue light, and holders very firm in their views, with rather more business to note, including about 900 bags, in small lots, at 18@21c for Rio; 21¼@22c for Laguayra; 17½@18c for Triage, and 23c for Java, cash and time.

COPPER is steady, with about the usual business to note in Yellow Metal at 35c, on time.

FEATHERS continue dull, and move off slowly at 30@38c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—Sales of Green Apples at $4@5 ₱ bbl, and Cranberries at $8@12 ₱ bbl, and both getting scarce. Dried Fruit is in steady request at 6@7c for Apples, and 7@10c for unpared Peaches, as to quality.

HAY has been more active, and good Timothy sells freely at 70@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—The stock in first hands continues very light, and holders are firm in their demands.

HIDES move off slowly, at 18@22c for Eastern and Western, and the market is dull.

IRON.—The market continues firm but inactive, the high views of holders limiting the operations in Pig Metal to a few small lots of Anthracite at fully former rates, including 600 tons at $21@21½ for No 1 cash and time. In Manufactured there is a fair business doing, mostly in bars, at steady prices.

LEAD.—There is little or no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and the market is at a stand still.

LUMBER.—There is little or nothing doing, as usual, at this season, and prices are nominally unchanged.

MOLASSES is dull, with a limited business doing in the way of sales, including Cuba at 23@24c, and Porto Rico at 37c, on time.

PLASTER.—There is none arriving or selling, and soft is scarce and wanted at an advance on previous quotations.

RICE.—The demand continues limited, and a few small lots of Carolina have been disposed of at 7@7¼c ₱ lb.

SEEDS.—There is a steady demand for Clover seed, and with moderate receipts about 3,500 bus found buyers, mostly at $4,12½@4,25 ₱ bus for fair to good and prime lots. Timothy is wanted at $2, and 200 bags sold to shipping order at $2,25 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is scarce and in demand at $2,10 ₱ bus. Of Red Top about 2,000 sacks have been taken at $3@3,25 ₱ sack, as to lots.

SPIRITS.—Brandies and Gins are firm, with limited sales. N. E. Rum moves off more freely at 32@33c. The demand is better. Whiskey is unsettled; barrels have been taken to some extent at 25@26c, and drudge at 23½c.

SUGARS are firmer and rather more active, with sales of 200@300 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 7@8¼c in lots, on the usual credit.

TALLOW continues dull and neglected, and rendered is quoted at 9@9½c, and very little selling.

TOBACCO.—There is very little stock to operate in, and holders are firm, but the market generally is very quiet.

WOOL.—The market continues very quiet, and prices about the same, with a small business to note in both foreign and domestic at quotations, including medium and fine fleece at 50@55c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1879 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 8½ cents ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $18 to 36 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from $4,50 to 5. 800 Hogs sold at from $5½ to 6 ₱ cwt net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. R. A. Carden, ISAAC COPELAND, to MARGARETTA C. daughter of Jacob Tripler, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. ABRAHAM CRABTREE, to Mrs. HANNAH DEAKIN, both formerly of England.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. JAMES KERR, of Norristown, Pa. to Miss KATE MAULL, of this city.

On the 18th of Jan. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, SAMUEL R. ERVEN, Jr. of the 71st Penna. Infantry, to M. LOUISA V. DE PUTRON, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec. last, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM T. WILLIS, of London, to Miss CECILIA C. SMITH, of Illinois.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Chambers, Mr. GEORGE W. SMITH, to Miss MARY SHULTZ, both of this city.

On the 20th of Feb. by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. BENJAMIN F. BERRY, to Mrs. SARAH A. BERRY, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. GEO. E. WILLIAMS, of Mauch Chunk, to Miss MARY A. VANDEGRIFT, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, CALDWELL K. BIDDLE, Esq. in his 34th year.

On the evening of the 25th ultimo, FANNY S. wife of Edward L. Brinley.

On Sunday, 23d ultimo, JAMES HUGHES, in his 72d year.

On Friday evening, 21st ultimo, SAMUEL BRANSON.

Suddenly, on the 23d ultimo, JOHN H. MILLER, in his 63d year.

On the 25th ultimo, JOHN MYERS, in his 37th year.

On the 25th ultimo, LEVI C. HENDERSON, son of the late Capt. Levi Henderson, of Delaware, aged 34 years.

On the 21st ultimo, CATHARINE, wife of the late Jos. Cornwell, in her 84th year.

On the 22d ultimo, Miss REBECCA WALLACE, in her 19th year.

On the 23d ultimo, ALEXANDER WALKER, in his 50th year.

On the 22d ultimo, JOHN RESSLER, in his 53d year.

On the 21st ultimo, Capt. JOSEPH F. ROWAND, in his 28th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 1, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 30 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	3 to 20 dis.	North Carolina	20 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1½ dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	2 to 20 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	5 to 20 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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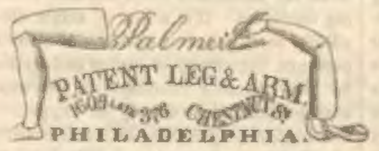

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Are recommended with the greatest confidence, experience having demonstrated them to be far superior to any other in use, being more mild, prompt, safe and uniform in their operation. While using them no particular care is required, and patients may eat and drink as usual. They will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach. In small doses they are alterative and gently laxative, but in large doses are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters.

For DYSPEPSIA, these Pills are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the Stomach and Liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. In cases of long standing, a cure will be more speedily effected by using, in conjunction with the Pills, either JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE or TONIC VERMIFUGE, according to directions.

For **Liver Complaint, Gout, Jaundice, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fevers, Nervousness, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Female Diseases, and Bilious Affections,** these Pills have proved themselves eminently successful. All that is asked for them is a fair trial.

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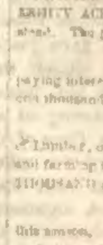

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paying interest at six per cent. annually, and if he has one thousand dollars in money, he can this year, at

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HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two-thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucus or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which *may be* generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne & Son's Family Medicines* are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON 242 Chestnut street, Philadel

Wit and Humor.

A LIQUOR SUIT.

A very good story is told at the expense of Col. J. C. Comstock, who for many years was widely known as the "Prince of Landlords"—and proprietor of the Olean House, in Olean, New York. Many years ago Comstock was "legally served," for violating the license law. The trial was had at Portville, and the Justice, after hearing the proofs entered up a judgment against the host of the Olean House. Of course John was hopping mad. "He would carry it up and blow the judgment to pieces."

Hon. Benj. Chamberlain was then first Judge of the County—and shortly after the events above narrated, the Judge put up for the night with Col. Comstock. After supper, John unburdened himself to Judge Chamberlain, relating very minutely the circumstances attending his conviction at Portville, &c. The Judge blandly but strongly urged John to carry the suit up to the Common Pleas—"there you are pretty sure to have justice done ye!" Having satisfied himself that Judge Chamberlain would do him justice, Col. Comstock directed his attorney to appeal the cause to the Common Pleas of the county. In due time the cause was called, Judge Chamberlain presiding, who, upon hearing the proofs, allegations, arguments, &c., promptly affirmed the judgment of the Justice's Court, to the utter confounding of Col. Comstock's attorney, who had anticipated an easy victory for his client.

Not long after this Judge Chamberlain called again at the Olean House, and Colonel Comstock was of course glad to see him. In the evening "mine host" three or four times sought to bring up his liquor case, but the Judge evaded it, until Comstock bolted right on to it thus—

"Judge, you remember my liquor suit?"

"Oh, yes, John," replied the Judge, "very well."

"You advised me to carry it up to your court, didn't you, Judge?"

"Yes, I did, John," said the Judge "for I wanted you to be dealt fairly by."

"The deuce you did! But you beat me, didn't you?" inquired Comstock, in his peculiarly searching manner.

"Yes, John," said the Judge, looking Comstock very seriously in the face; "the fact is, John, your liquor for a year past has been so confoundedly poor that I hadn't the courage to reverse the judgment."

John was satisfied, and has never carried up any more liquor suits.

CATCHING FISH FOR OTHER FOLKS.

In earlier days, writes a Western correspondent, the region lying about Patoka was much neglected by preachers, until the Methodists sent a very eccentric old man there, by the name of Conklin, who was soon known as Uncle Jerry. He labored among the Hoosiers with great success. This stirred up the Baptists, who sent a man to help him. He helped him, however, in a way that Uncle Jerry disliked severely; for the Rev. Mr. Waterman—that was the Baptist preacher's name—addressed himself mainly to the young converts that Uncle Jerry had made, and instructed them in their duty to follow their master down the banks of Jordan. Uncle Jerry took up the subject one Sunday morning, when he saw Mr. Waterman among his hearers, and thus delivered himself: "Why don't you go out into deep water and catch your own fish; don't stay here and wait till I bring the fish into shallow water and steal them from my net. It ain't fair and honest, my brethren, the way my Baptist brother has treated me. He makes me feel like a hen a settin' on ducks' eggs, for just as soon as I get a brood out, he runs 'em right straight into the water."

HOW TO TELL GOOD LIQUOR.

A writer who represents himself to have been among the first who entered the rebel fortifications at Mill Springs after the rebel rout, describes an incident as follows: "A soldier had discovered a barrel which proved to contain apple brandy. Pulling out the corn-cob from the bung-hole, I turned it up and filled a canteen. While doing this one of Bob McCook's skirmishers came in, and says: "Vot you gets there?" I replied that it appeared to be pretty fair apple brandy, upon which the Dutchman ran to the door, calling out furiously: "Hans! Henrick! schnapps! see, com a rous!" Upon which a dozen Dutchmen came in, and the brandy which was not spilled upon the ground was soon transferred to their canteens. I said: "Boys, you had better look out—this is a doctor's shop, and there may be strychnine in that brandy." They paused a moment to look at each other, when one of them exclaimed: "Py Got, Hans, I tells you vot I do; I trinks some, and if it don't kill me, den you trinks." Upon which he took a long and hearty pull at his canteen, and smacking his lips a moment, said: "All right, Hans, go ahead."

A SIDEWALK ANECDOTE.

Last winter, an Irishman, recently landed on our shores, applied to a merchant on the wharf for work. Willing to do him a kindness, the latter handed him a shovel, and pointing to the back of his store, told him to "shovel off the sidewalk." The merchant forgot all about the Irishman, until the lapse of an hour or two, when Teddy thrust his head into the counting-room, (which was up stairs) and inquired—

"Mayhap yees 'ud be havin' a pick, sir?"

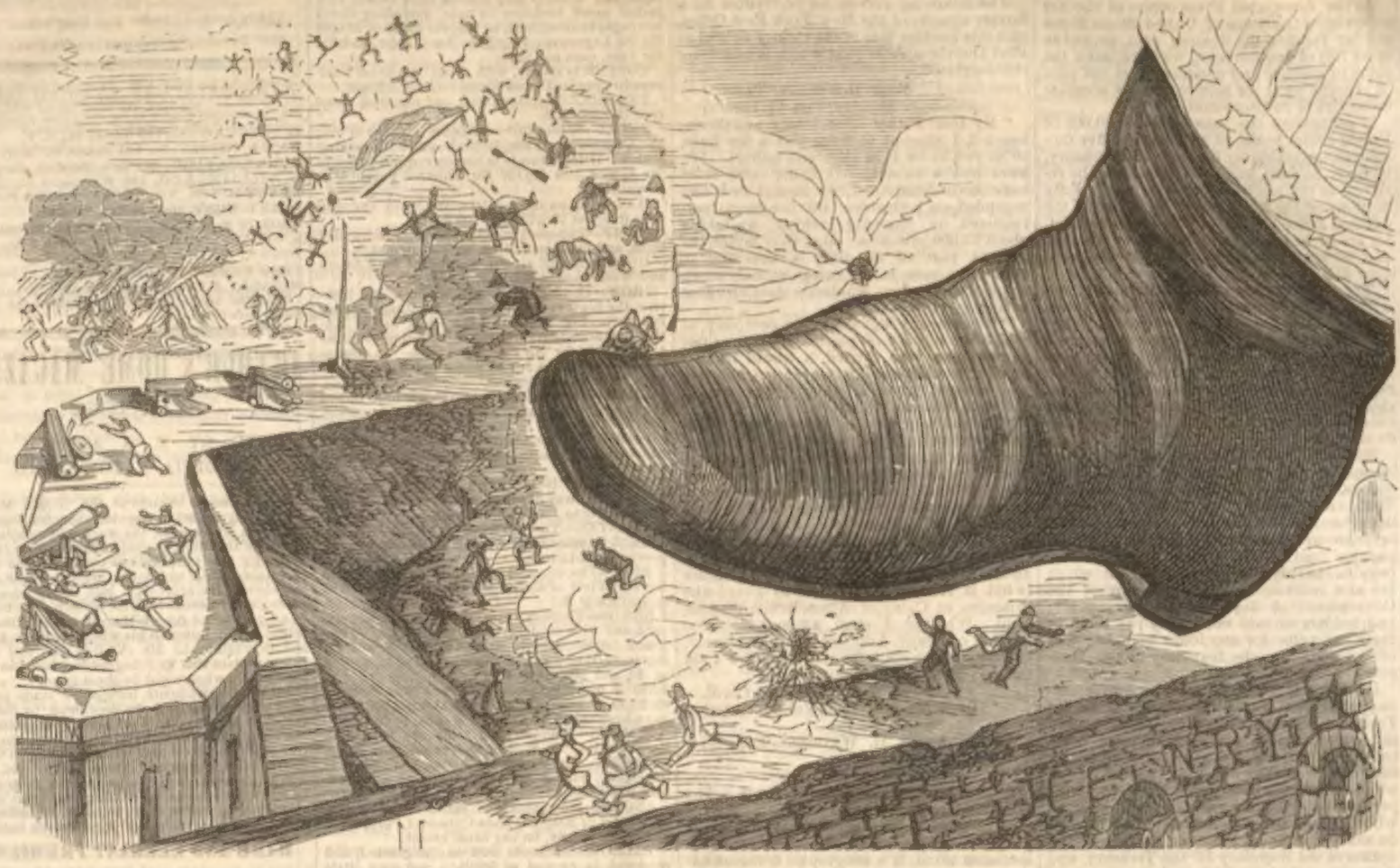
"A pick to get the *snow* off?" said the merchant, smiling.

"The snow 'ud be off long since," replied Teddy, "an' the bricks too, for that matther, but it's the *side* (soil) that sticks!"

In some alarm the merchant ran to his back window, and sure enough, the fellow had thrown nearly all the pavement into the street, and made quite a hole.

"Good gracious, man, I only wanted you to shovel off the snow!"

"Arrah, sir," said Teddy, "didn't yer honor tell me to shovel off the *sidewalk*?"



UNCLE SAM'S FOOTE IN TENNESSEE.

WHY WILL NOT WET WOOD BURN?

There is no event of our daily lives, however common or apparently significant, that does not enfold an unfathomable mystery. We all know that it is difficult to burn wet fuel, but how many have considered that this fact is connected with some of the most comprehensive laws, and some of the most recondite principles of chemistry and physics? The burning of wood, like nearly all other burning, is its combination with oxygen. The only combustible elements in organic substances are carbon and hydrogen. The hydrogen combines with oxygen to form water, and the carbon to form carbonic acid. At a high temperature, the affinity of the hydrogen and carbon for each other as they are united in the wood is less than their affinity for oxygen, and they accordingly leave their union and enter into combination with oxygen. The transaction is accompanied with light and heat and other phenomena of combustion, and is called burning. Below a certain temperature the change does not take place, but if a portion of the wood is heated sufficiently for the combustion to commence, then the caloric generated by the combustion heats the contiguous parts, and thus the burning continues. It is a case of single elective affinity as modified by caloric. At a low temperature, the affinity of carbon and hydrogen for the elements combined in the wood is stronger than their affinity for oxygen. But at a higher temperature the relative strength of affinities is changed, and they leave their combination in the wood and enter into combination with oxygen. So much for the relation of the question to chemical affinity. Now let us examine its relations to latent heat. When water is evaporated it absorbs about 1,000 degrees of heat. That is to say, if we pass 1,000 degrees of heat into a quantity of water, the temperature of which has been previously raised to 212 degrees, and the heat just suffices to evaporate the water, then we find that the vapor is no warmer to the touch, or, as measured by the thermometer, than the water was before. The 1,000 degrees of heat have been hidden or rendered latent. If the water is in contact with wood, when a portion of the wood is set on fire, the heat generated by the combustion instead of being imparted to contiguous portions of the wood, and thus raising its temperature to the point at which the elective affinities are changed, is absorbed and made latent by the vapor of the water, hence the combustion ceases.

Agricultural.

PHILOSOPHY OF GROUND FEED.

BY DR. GEORGE SPRAGUE,
LATE SECRETARY O. B. S. AGRICULTURE.

Although there is no doubt of the economy of feeding ground feed to farm stock, as a general thing, still the mode of feeding, and the uses to which the animals so fed are put, has much to do with the propriety of using ground feed. The salivary glands secrete a fluid, the office of which is to aid in digesting food taken into the stomach. The quantity of this saliva required by the stomach is in proportion to the amount of food taken into it. This saliva is given out by the salivary glands but slowly, and generally only in the act of mastication, the glands, in this act, being stimulated by the presence of food in the mouth, as well as by the pressure of the contracting muscles. A gallon of oats ground and made wet with water, will be swallowed by a horse in say three minutes—a gallon unground in nine. Now, with the gallon of whole oats, there will pass into the stomach more than three times as much saliva as with the ground oats, because, in the act of mastication, the whole grain acts as above stated. It will be different with cattle, as they masticate a second time. Their digestive apparatus is also more capacious than that of the horse, and their digestion is more perfect. Therefore in feeding ground feed, to horses especially, it should be fed *dry*; or otherwise, combined with whole grain, or cut hay or straw, that the horse may be forced to occupy a sufficient time in eating. Let any one who doubts this position put a horse upon wet ground feed, and in a week's time he will witness the evidence of imperfect digestion by the presence of acidity, indicated by the belching of wind from the stomach, itching of the fundament, rubbing the root of the tail therefrom, lampas, rough, staring coat, dullness and inability to stand hard driving, and at the end of a month worms will make their appearance. Now, as a proof of the cause being as above stated, at the end of the first or second week, give salt and ashes to neutralize the acid generated by the fermentation, change back to whole oats, and in a very few days the digestion will again be perfect. A horse may be rendered a confirmed dyspeptic by being allowed to swallow rapidly wetted ground feed.

Horses that are allowed access to the earth will, when eating food that ferments in the stomach, eat earth, instinct teaching them that this will neutralize the excess of acid. Horses fed on corn are liable to excessive acidity, and, if close confined, should always have *salt and ashes, or salt and clay earth within reach.* The same rule will also apply to hogs; they suffer from acidity if kept from the earth, especially when fed on wet ground feed, and will not thrive in this condition. For the reasons before stated, swine will maintain a better degree of health if fed on the whole grain than if kept on wet ground feed, especially if confined, as work horses usually are, out of the reach of salt, ashes or earth; these always being called into requisition by dumb brutes, to correct the effects of improper feeding.—*Ohio Farmer.*

SOIL-ANALYSIS.—Prof. S. W. Johnson, of Yale College, who has made the application of chemistry to agriculture a speciality, has come to the conclusion that the results of soil-analysis are not to be considered as affording a safe guide in practical farming. In reviewing, in the American Journal of Science and Arts, several reports on geology in which this subject is brought up, he says that though he would not assert that soil-analysis is worthless, yet he believes that the probabilities of its uselessness, practically, are so great that he would not base any operation on it alone—that "the knowledge gathered from experience is able in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to give a more truthful verdict in regard to the capacity of a soil than any amount of analysis can do;" and that he "would give more for the opinion of an old intelligent farmer than for that of the most skillful chemist, in most questions connected with farming." It is gratifying to find a gentleman of Prof. Johnson's scientific attainments aiding the community to come to its senses on this subject.

TO PREVENT POSTS BEING THROWN OUT BY FROST.—A correspondent of the N. E. Farmer remarks that last spring there was much complaint about fence posts being thrown out of the ground by frost, and a request to know what would prevent it. Several things were proposed, such as setting the fence with stone, &c. There is one thing that I think will prevent it, if not too expensive, which is as follows:—Put about a pint of coarse salt around each post, or enough to prevent the ground from freezing, and the post will not be disturbed. There will be another advantage from the salt. The post will last twice as long as without it. It should be put about the post about the first of December each year. The fence between the posts must not rest on the ground.

HOW TO CHOOSE A GOOD POTATO.—A correspondent of a Scottish paper gives the following rule:—"The finest, mealiest and most nutritious potatoes are always denser and heavier than the soft and waxy. By taking advantage of this difference in their specific gravity, the light and inferior potatoes are made to swim on the surface of a solution of salt, while the heavy and good sink to the bottom."

MANAGEMENT OF DOGS.

Dogs kept constantly in the house must be let out four or five times a day for a few minutes, otherwise it is cruel to punish them for want of cleanliness. All dogs, whether long or short-haired, are better for being brushed once a day; it conduces to the health, and greatly increases the comfort of the animal. A dog who is well brushed regularly seldom requires washing, and is never infested with vermin; but if the dog is to be washed let it be done with the yolks of eggs, and not with soap, which irritates the flesh, inflames the eyes, and by temporarily depriving the skin of its natural oily secretion, makes the dog extremely liable to be chilled afterwards. The washing with the yolks of eggs may be managed as follows: Let the dog stand in an empty tub, rub the yolks of two, four or more eggs by degrees into his coat, adding luke-warm water, a little at a time, until the dog is covered with a thick lather. When it is well rubbed in over the whole coat pour clean warm water over the dog till the egg is entirely washed out. The advantages of this process are that the dog's coat does not lose its glossy appearance afterward, and the whole operation can be performed quickly and quietly, and without any splashing of water or rough handling. To remove fleas, take enough soft soap to rub into the whole coat of the dog; add to this a teaspoonful, more or less, according to the size of the dog, of spirits of turpentine; rub this mixture well into the roots of the hair, adding a little warm water to make it reach the skin. Let this remain on for a quarter of an hour, then plunge the dog into a warm bath, and rub off the mixture with the hand. Care should be taken not to let it get into the eyes, and to wash it completely out of the skin.—*House Dogs and Sporting Dogs, by J. Mayrick.*

ICE-HOUSES.—Filling an ice-house has been illustrated this season by a gentleman at New Hartford, Indiana. He erected, in the fall, a pipe leading from a spring above, passing through his ice-house. This is pierced by numerous small holes, and when the weather is very cold the house is thrown open and the water turned in. The fine jets and spray freeze as they fall, and in a few days or weeks at farthest the house is filled with one solid lump of ice, no labor of cutting and hauling, and not much chance that it will all melt much before there comes a general thaw on the top of Mont Blanc.

Useful Receipts.

BREAD WITHOUT YEAST OR DRUGS.—Bread can be made light, wholesome, and palatable to the unperverted taste, without rotting by fermentation, or poisoning with saleratus, cream of tartar, etc., in the following manner:—Take cold water, the colder the better—ice-water is the best—stir in *unsifted* wheat-meal, enough to make a batter not very stiff; stir quickly while adding the meal, so as to introduce all the air possible. Put it in small patty-pans (cake-tins)—these are better than large dishes—and bake in a *hot* oven, hotter than for any other bread. Bake it half an hour or more. A little experience in making and baking will convince any one that bread can be made *light* without yeast or "lightening" of any kind, except air and water; and those who regard *good* bread as the staff of life will ask no better. If any should not succeed the first time, *try again*, for it can be done. The baking is the most important part of the operation; the oven must be *hot*.

The following directions for making bread were given by the ladies to whom premiums were awarded for the best samples shown at the Presque Isle (Me.) Agricultural Exhibition. Mrs. C. P. Bean says: "I take one and a half cupfuls of new milk, and the same amount of boiling water, and add flour to this to make yeast, and let it set till it rises; then add flour until the dough is thick enough for baking. Then let it rise one half hour; then bake it."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

MRS. SARAH A. EMERSON'S method;—"Take one pint of boiling water, one half tea-spoonful of salt; when it is lukewarm, stir in flour until it becomes thick batter; set the dish in warm water, in a warm place, until the batter rises. Then mix with it one quart of sweet milk, or water; stir in flour until it forms a thick batter; set it in a warm place until it rises; add flour until is hard enough to knead; then let it set until it rises again, and bake it by a gradual fire until done."

BAKED BEANS.—Few people know the luxury of baked beans, simply because few cooks properly prepare them. Beans, generally, are not cooked half long enough. This is our method:—Two quarts of middling-sized white beans, two pounds salt pork, and one spoonful of molasses. Pick the beans over carefully, wash, and add a gallon of boiling hot soft water; let them soak in it over night. In the morning put them in fresh water, and boil them gently till the skin is very tender and about to break. Take them up dry, and put them in your dish; stir in your molasses, gash the pork, and put it down in the dish, so as to have the beans cover all but the upper surface; turn in boiling water till the top is just covered; bake with a steady fire four or five hours. Watch them, and add more water from time to time as it dries away. The molasses may be omitted.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Take about two quarts of water and one pint of milk, mixing in the buckwheat-meal, and about half a pint of brown flour, (the "middlings" of wheat.) This, we think, makes them much better than all buckwheat. Stir in two table spoonfuls of salt, two large table spoonfuls of good hop-yeast, beat well, and when of the desired thickness, cover and set the batter in a warm place, if in cold weather, to rise, and by breakfast-time, next morning, they will be up to the top of the kettle. We leave from a pint to a quart of the batter in the kettle after each baking, to raise the next one—it not being necessary to make them with fresh yeast more than two or three times during the winter. To this batter we pour the water, milk, and meal, as before, for the next batch. When we do not wish to have them for tea, we pour cold water over the batter remaining in the kettle, and set it away in a cool place, to keep it from becoming sour, and pour the water off when we wish to mix them again. Too much milk would have a tendency to sour them, and also makes them more difficult to bake; but used in moderate quantities, it is a great improvement to them, both in taste and appearance.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

RICE-PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Wash a half pound of rice, and put it in a broad, shallow tin-pan holding four quarts, (we have a large family,) with a large tea-cupful of sugar, and a half tea-spoonful of salt. Fill the pan up with milk, fresh from the cow is best, and set in the oven or stove to bake, stirring it occasionally and trying the rice. When the latter is soft and begins to thicken the milk, the pudding is done. If it boils too long, or there is too much rice in it, it will be too thick to be good.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

RICE OR BREAD PUDDINGS WITHOUT EGGS.—Bring three quarts of milk to a boiling heat, or as near it as possible, by setting it in a pan, over a kettle of boiling water, as this will prevent it from scorching on the bottom while boiling. Have ready three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, well mashed in cold milk, so as to be free from lumps, and stir it in when the milk is boiling, or rather scalding hot; stir it well, and let it cook over the water until it is thick as good cream; remove and season to the taste, add your bread crumbs, or rice, and bake in a slow oven three hours, or until it is done, and you will have a pudding just as good as with eggs, and cannot tell the difference by the eye. Cinnamon or nutmeg are the best spices for such a pudding.—C. R. C., *in Ohio Farmer.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 55 letters.

My 2, 5, 25, 26, 50, is an island in the Caribbean Sea.

My 5, 11, 24, 54, 13, 22, 39, is an island in the Gulf of Aden.

My 6, 33, 34, 20, 16, 40, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

My 7, 47, 45, 16, 33, 38, 50, 5, is an island in Europe.

My 9, 23, 25, 35, 53, 24, 32, 33, 1, 8, 50, 51, is an island in Europe.

My 12, 54, 32, 30, 11, 48, 5, is an island in the Eastern Sea.

My 24, 54, 23, 36, 31, 54, is an island in Oceanica.

My 33, 34, 3, 18, 21, 55, 16, is an island in the Northern Ocean.

My 34, 41, 24, 29, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.

My 34, 17, 25, 18, 54, 55, is an island in the Indian Ocean.

My 30, 44, 46, 12, 54, 41, 42, 43, 18, 19, 51, 16, is an island in North America.

My 39, 47, 16, 19, 52, 5, 6, 34, 35, 38, is an island in the Indian Ocean.

My 49, 50, 4, 14, 11, 36, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.

My 48, 5, 52, 27, 39, 18, 33, 15, 36, is an island in the Sea of Jesso.

My 40, 5, 20, 21, 33, 50, is one of the Sandwich Islands.

My 50, 38, 10, 18, 37, 42, 43, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.

My 51, 3, 20, 52, 41, 50, 51, 10, 19, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.

My whole was one of the most important events in the American Revolution.

GAHMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 35, 21, 26, 6, 30, 10, is one of the editors of the Post.

My 22, 23, 28, 35, 37, is a tale.

My 16, 9, 24, 10, 4, 3, 1, 8, 37, is the history of the surface of the earth.

My 8, 36, 33, is an article of wearing apparel.

My 6, 19, 27, is a household pet.

My 22, 5, 6, 7, is to be ill.

My 18, 14, 15, 12, is a pronoun.

My 32, 21, 11, 29, is a man's name.

My 33, 34, is a verb.

My 1, 2, 3, is a man's name.

My 31, 2, 10, is indispensable to a lady.

My whole is who?

Ballston Spa, N. Y. WILL QUIRK.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in Massachusetts.
A city in Scotland.
A city in New York.
A city in Michigan.
A city in Russian America.
A city in Connecticut.
A city in Mexico.

The initials form the name of a city in Pennsylvania. GAHMEW.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of a series of certain powers of the natural numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., is 1200304; and the number of terms in the series is equal to the indices of the powers. Required—the number of terms in the series?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a circular garden, whose diameter is 150 yards, which I wish to surround by a circular walk, so that the area of the walk shall be one-third of the area of the garden. What is the area of the walk, and also the width of the walk?

W. GEORGE.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is that which makes every person sick but those who swallow it? Ans.—Flattery.

☞ Why does a dog wag his tail when he is pleased? Ans.—Because he has got a tail to wag.

☞ "I say, Neil, do you know why that fellow who trod on my toes last night is like the commander of a regiment?" She did not know. Ans.—"Because he's a cur, Neil (Colonel), confound him."

☞ Why is a married man like a candle? Ans.—Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL & HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

"United we stand, divided we fall;
Union forever, freedom for all."

CHARADE.—Barrack. REBUS.—John C. Fremont. (Janus, Orpheus, Hebe, Klopstein, Ceres, Flora, Rhea, Echo, Mars, Osiris, Nestor, Tantalus.) ANAGRAMS.—Compensation, Consternation, Preservation, Agriculture, Parsimonious, Astonishing, Anticipates, Premeditate, Parsonage, Speculation.

Answer to TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION published January 4th, by D. Diefenbach.—17 feet 6 inches.

The answer to R. T. M. K.'s QUESTION in your paper of January 4th, 1862, is 849 7-32.

Tolland, Conn. O. P. WALDO.

Answers to Augustus's MENSURATION QUESTION in the Post, January 18th, 1862.

232 acres, 124 6912-10000 perches, nearly.

Tolland, Conn. O. P. WALDO.

80 acres, 1 rood, 1-85 perches.

DAVID ANDERSON.

Martinsville, Morgan Co., Ind.

80 acres, 41 719-841 perches.

C. H. OVERTON.

12,841 719-841 perches.

Pulaski. C. F CARNWRIGHT.

Answer to GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM by A. Martin, published January 18th.—21.08344.

Martinsville. DAVID ANDERSON.